

January 1903

1903 Class Book

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Class Book

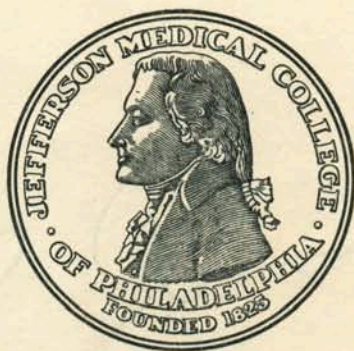
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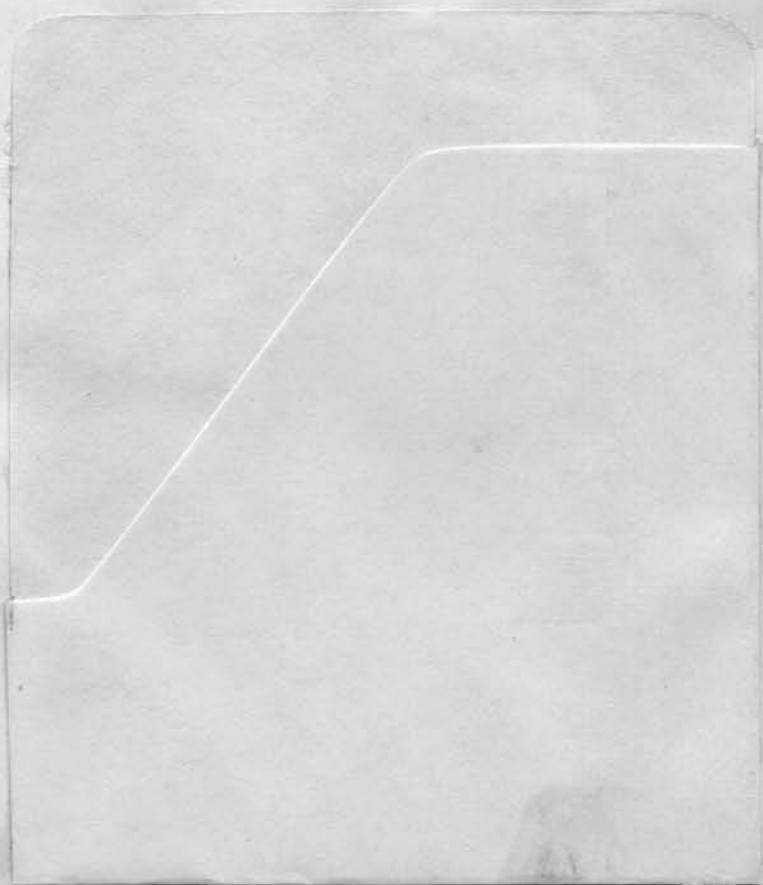
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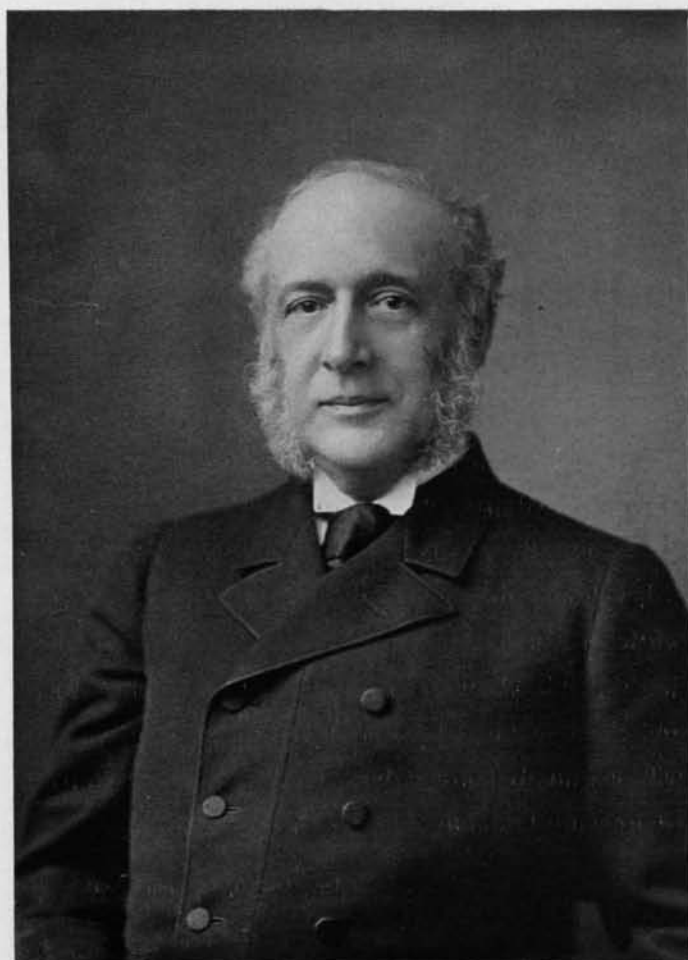
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Preface

In presenting this book to our classmen, we do so with the hope that the class as a whole will appreciate the fact that it has been our endeavor to accumulate here all matters of any interest to our classmates, and their friends, and that there is nothing here which is intended to be personal, or which may be considered as a personal affront to any one member of our class.

It is hoped that our friends will look upon the little witticisms and pranks detailed later, only as such; and if this book meets with the approval of the class, and if the faculty will give it kind consideration, we will feel amply compensated for the time and efforts we expended in compiling this little work.

CLASS BOOK COMMITTEE.



J. M. DACOSTA, M.D., LL.D.

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED TO
THE MEMORY OF

J. M. Da Costa, M.D., LL.D.

1833-1900

PROFESSOR OF THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE
AND CLINICAL MEDICINE IN JEFFERSON
MEDICAL COLLEGE
1872-1891

THE MOST BRILLIANT
IN THE ILLUSTRIOUS SUCCESSION OF
THOSE WHOSE GIFTS AND ATTAIN-
MENTS HAVE ADORNED
THAT CHAIR





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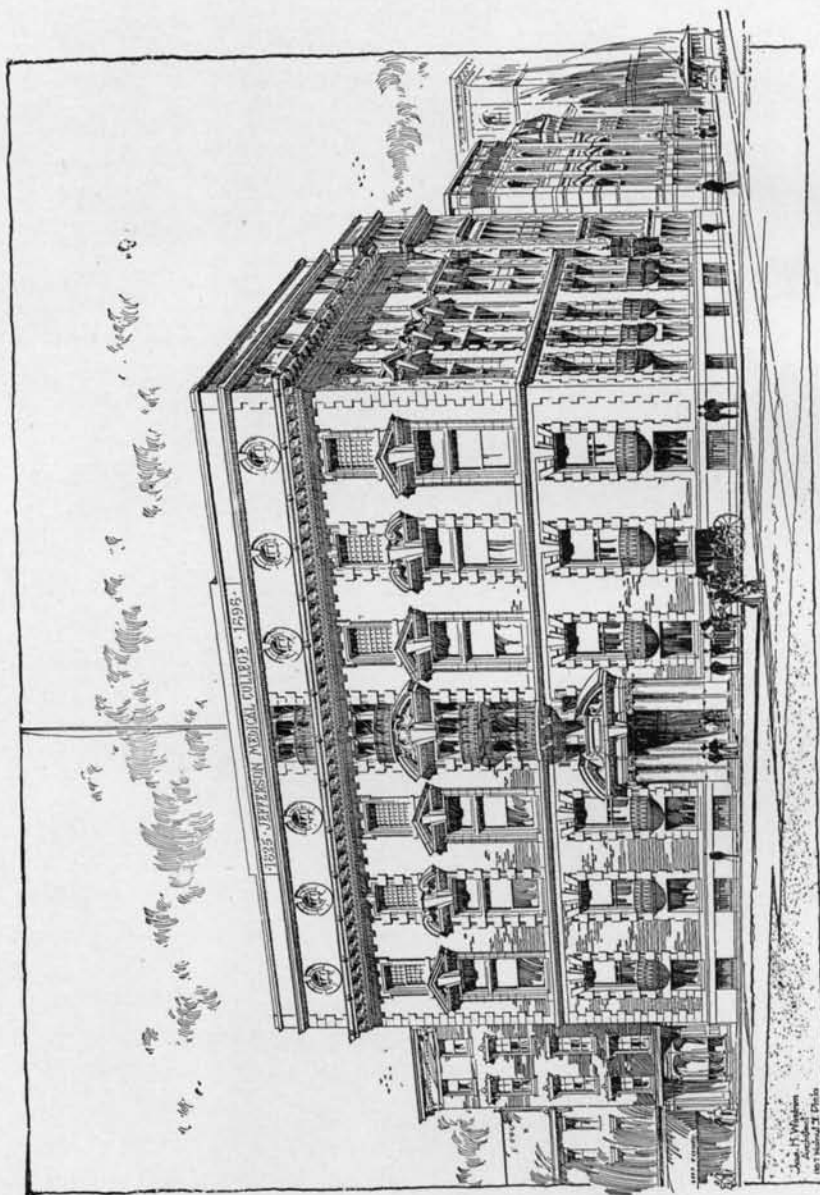
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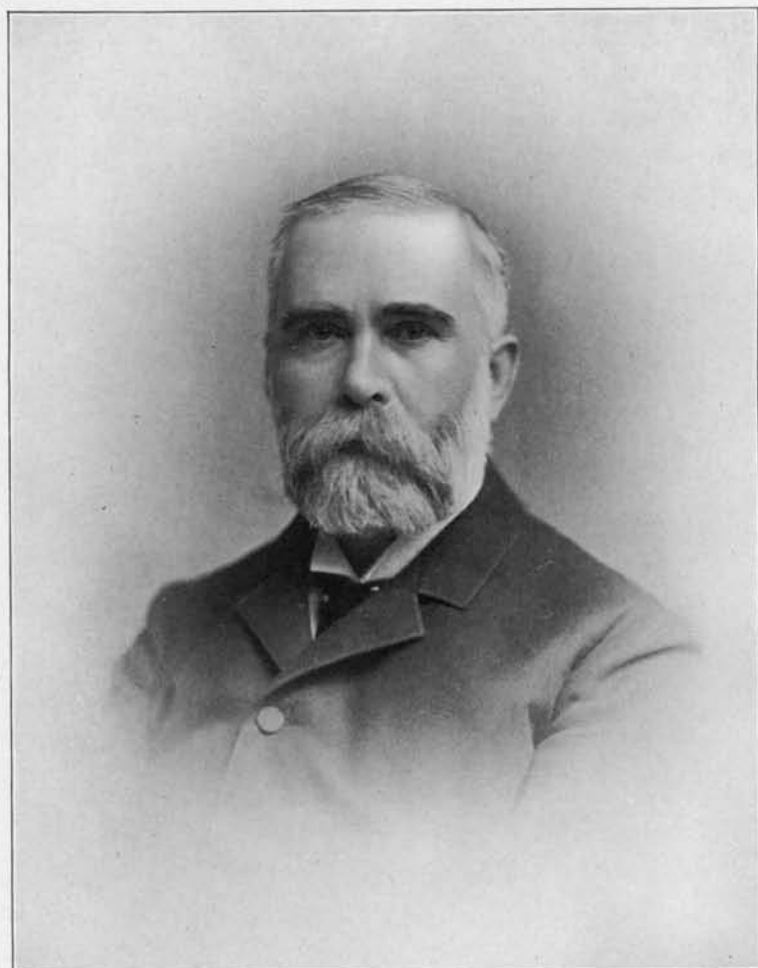
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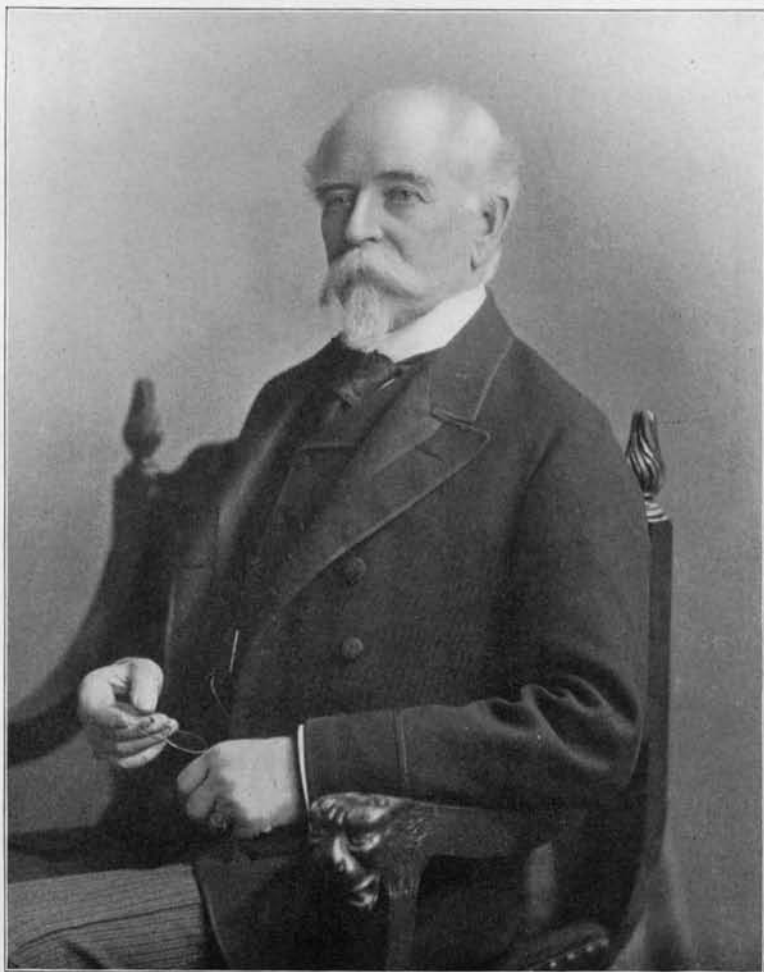
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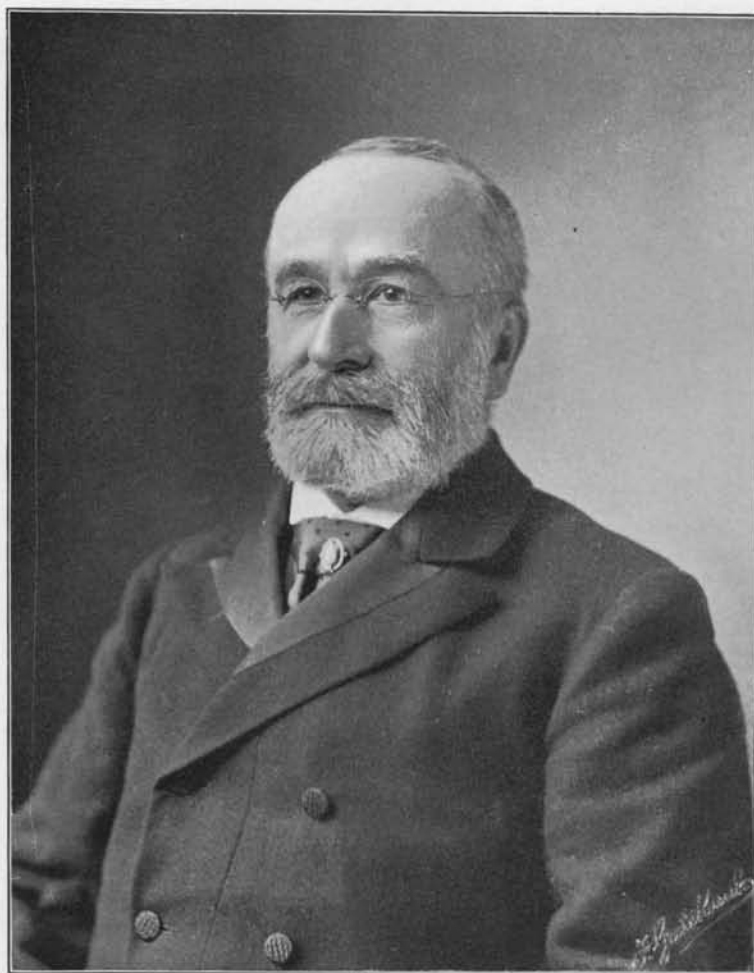
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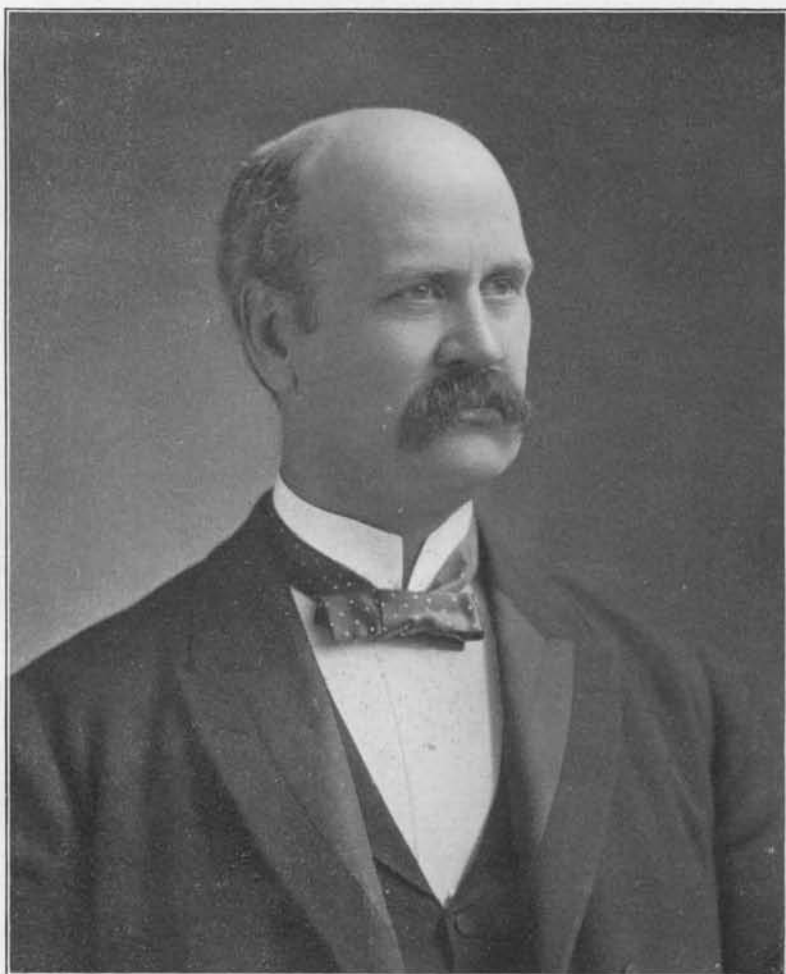
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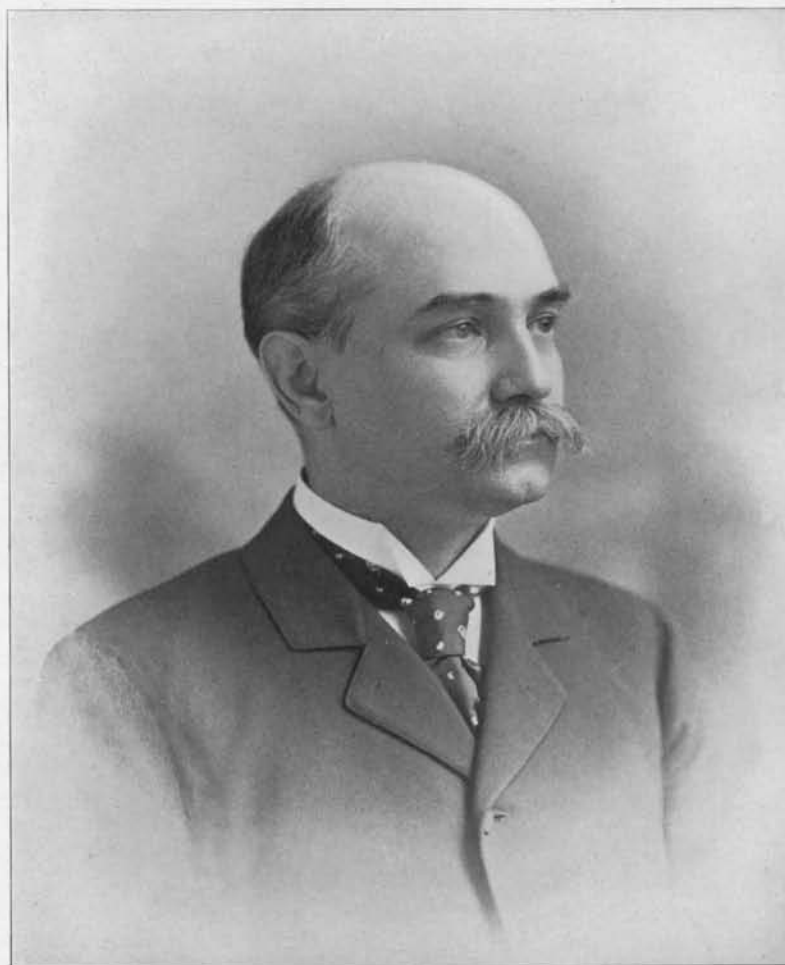
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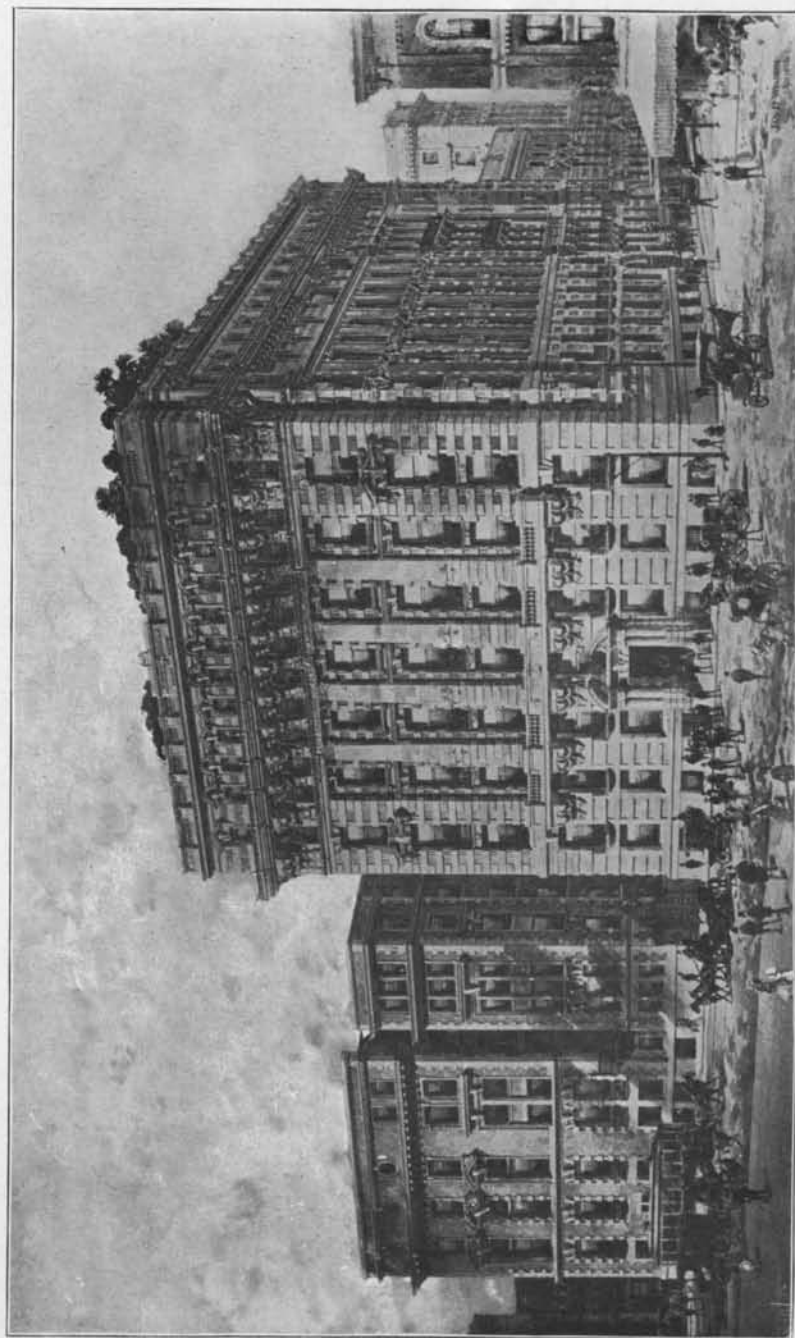
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Professor of Principles of Surgery and Clinical Surgery.



NEW HOSPITAL.

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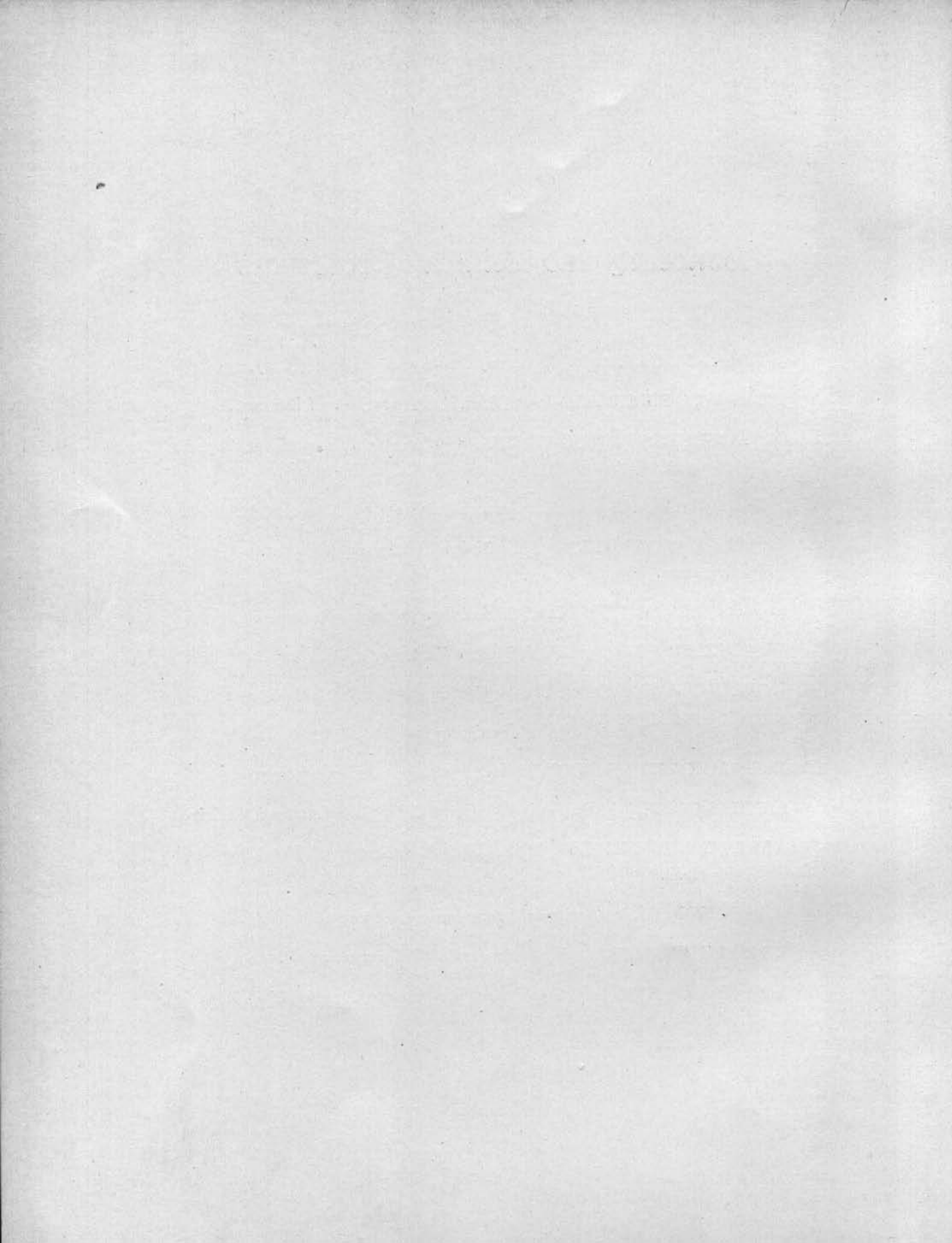
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A. HEWSON, M.D., Assistant Professor of Anatomy.

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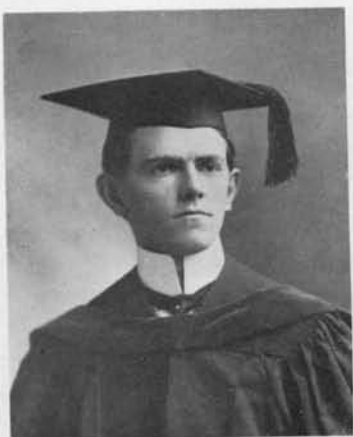


The Class



B. E. GOODMAN, President.
J. A. REIDY, Vice-President.

H. A. SCHAFER, Treasurer.
J. H. CORWIN, Secretary.



Senior Class



LEE CAMPBELL ADCOCK, Hopkinsville, Ky.

A new man and a good one.



B. L. ADLER, Pittsburg, Pa.

Entered in his third year; member of Dercum Neurological Society.

A great sport, though a hard student.



ANDREW FRANK AKERS.

Member of Keen Surgical Society.

His eyes are perfectly lovely!



FREDERICK BLUNT ALLEN, New York City, N. Y.

Chapman Physiological Society; Coplin Pathological Society; Keen Surgical Society.

If silence be golden, then Allen is one of the wealthiest men in the class.



LUCIAN DENT ALLISON, Kittanning, Pa.

Washington and Jefferson College; $\Phi K \Sigma$; $\Theta N E$; $\Phi A \Sigma$; Vice-President of Horwitz Surgical Society.

A fine fellow.



THOMAS SMITH ARMSTRONG, Edwadsdale, Pa.

Coplin Pathological Society; President Montgomery Surgical Society.

He reclines gracefully in lectures.



MATTHEW CARROLL BAINES, Philadelphia, Pa.

A K K; Chapman Physiological Society; President Dercum Neurological Society.

The ward healer of the class; also noted for sitting on the front seat at Prof. Dercum's clinics.



SAMUEL AUSTIN BALTZ, Pittsburg, Pa.

Allegheny College; *Φ A Σ*; Ptolemy; Hare Medical Society.

A West Penn man who "stands by his friends as long as they need a friend."



RAYMOND BARBER (Better known as Rabbi.), Doylestown, Pa.

Φ A E, and member of Wilson Medical Society.

Came to Jefferson after graduating from the U. of P., not as a blacksmith, but a healer of horses. He has a fondness for dog flesh.



DAVID MAJOR BELL is a Pennsylvania boy, who always smokes Pittsburg stogies.

He is a member of the Chapman Physiological, Davis Obstetrical and Montgomery Gynecological Societies.

Bell has a charming voice.



CLARENCE ELMER BENNETT, Nanticoke, Pa.

Member Davis Obstetrical Society.

Suspected of trying to make a "symposium of wit" out of a section in surgery.



WILLIAM MILTON BIEHN, Quakertown, Pa.

Member of Coplin Pathological Society.

Comes from the land where the "Würzburger" flows.



HENRY J. BLANKEMEYER, JR., P.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Graduate of Philadelphia College of Pharmacy;
AKK; member of Forbes Anatomical League,
 Dercum Neurological Society.

Wears neat clothes, and molests the class with his
 peanut-throwing mania.



JOHN HENRY BORNEMAN, Wilmington, N. C.

A non-society man who came to Jeff to work.



M. LUKE BRIGGS, Shickshinny, Pa.

A favorite at 1006; has a good appetite; his land-
 lady's pride.



ALBERT WHITTIER BROWN.

Hails from Maine; Member of Dercum Neurological and Chapman Physiological Societies.

One of the men who had the nerve to take the examinations early.



HOWARD BOYD CALHOUN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Keen Surgical Society; Treasurer of Class in first year and Vice-President in second year.

His gallant work in the Hospital Corps of the N. G. Pa., during the coal strike, materially aided the Commission in its efforts at arbitration.



WILLIAM L. CAMPBELL, B.S., Grove City, Pa.

AQA; came to Jefferson in Sophomore year; member of Academy and Davis Obstetrical Society.

A straight thinker and hard worker.



SAMUEL DAVID CARNEY, Wolfsburg, Pa.

Pennsylvania State College; member of Chapman Physiological and Keen Surgical Societies.

Resembles Carrie Nation in his hatred for all forms of liquor.



THOMAS BENJAMIN CARROLL, New Lafayette, Ohio.

Member of Davis and Ptolemy Societies.

Greatly admires the section work in surgery.



AUGUSTUS HENRY CLAGETT, Philadelphia, Pa.

Member of Wilson Medical Society.

Ki-yi—wow!!!!



ABRAHAM JOSEPH COHEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Abe has worked hard on the class book. He is a great ladies' man. You know, Cohen has such dear winning ways.



JAMES HOWELL CORWIN, Waynesburg, Pa.

Waynesburg College; member of Forbes Anatomical League and Keen Surgical Society; Secretary of the Class.

Frequently associated with Stellwagen as an accessory before the fact.



EDWARD R. COTHAM, Monticello, Ark.

Joined the gang in Sophomore year; member of Wilson Medical and Ptolemy Societies.

A very mischievous boy.

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EMILE LESTER COTTRELL, Eureka, Cal.

Member of Ptolemy Society.

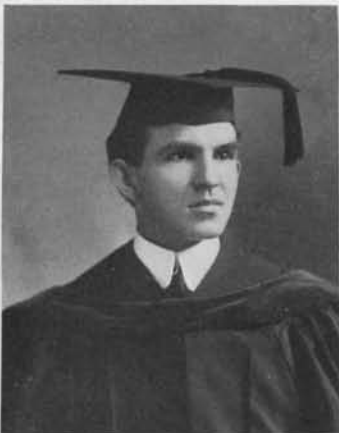
A good fellow and a hard worker.



HAROLD HAYES CRANE, Bucksport, Maine.

ΦΑΣ; Hare Medical Society; Chapman Physiological Society.

Harold is very proud of Bucksport.



ARTHUR EVERETT CROW, McClellantown, Pa.

ΦΒΠ; *ΑΩΑ*; member of Davis Obstetrical Society.

Put up a hard battle for the office of President this year, but his backers were unable to land him.

"Brilliant hopes all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes blossoming as they might."



JAMES CALVIN CRAWFORD hails from Pennsylvania.

He is a member of the Hare Medical, Chapman Physiological and Ptolemy Societies.



GEORGE A. CUNNINGHAM, Mahanoy City, Pa.
Horwitz Surgical Society.

His father an undertaker, with a keen eye for business thought it wise to send George to a medical school.



GEORGE ANTHONY DAVIS, Boston, Mass.
Horwitz Surgical Society.

One of the spokes radiating from "The Hub."



JOHN HENRY DEAN.

ΦΒΠ; hails from the State where no man goes to prayer meeting without a Colt revolver in each hip pocket; came to study medicine for the want of something better to do; member of the Davis Obstetrical and Montgomery Gynecological Societies.

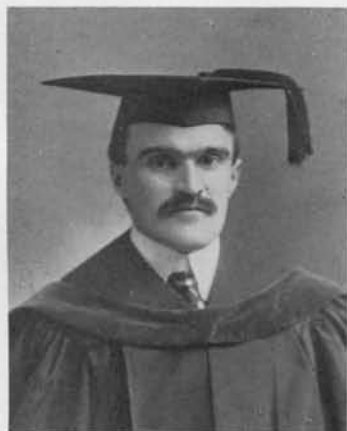
A talented lady's man.



W. M. EDWARDS, Mauston, Wis.

ΝΣΝ; *ΑΩΑ*; Wilson Medical Society; President Chapman Physiological Society; Business Manager Class Book.

That he is not president of many other societies is not his fault.



CHARLES W. EISENHOWER, York, Pa.

Taught school in his native town; is a genuine plugger and a non-society man.



JAMES CLARENCE ELDER, Nashville, Ohio.

Member of Keen Surgical Society; entered Jefferson in the third year.

A plugger.



THOMAS ELLISON, Frankford, Pa.

Davis Obstetrical Society; Montgomery Gynecological Society; Dercum Neurological Society.

One of the quiet men of the class, and the inventor of a bone drill.



JOHN ALFRED ELMERE, A.B., M.D., Worcester, Mass.

Post graduate student University Berlin, '96 and '97; member American Medical Association, American Academy of Medicine, Massachusetts Medical Society.

Elmere's hair restorer will grow hair on a billiard ball.



RALEIGH CLAUDE FARQUHAR, California, Pa.

Member of Wilson Medical Society.

A new man.



JOHN WALTER FLATLEY, A.B., Philadelphia, Pa.

Member of Chapman Physiological Society.



FERDINAND F. FLEDDERJOHANN, New Knoxville, Ohio.

Member of Montgomery Gynecological Society.

A quiet student.



EDWIN R. FLEMING, Belleville, Pa.

Member of Keen Surgical Society; President
Jefferson Y. M. C. A., 1902.

A sober and most thoughtful man.



CHARLES WILLIAM FOGARTY, Brown's Valley, Minn.

A typical Minnesotan Norwegian.



WILBUR ALLEN FOSTER, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Member of Chapman Physiological, Horwitz
Surgical and Montgomery Societies.

Has a warm spot in his heart for matters of class
interest, and displays a quiet and refined taste in his
hosiery.



WILBUR HANLEY GILMORE, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Φ B Π Fraternity; Davis Obstetrical Society;
 University of Michigan the first two years
 of his course.

Gilmore is an advocate of the saying that "a little more than enough is not always too much."

"And damned be he who first cries, hold! enough!"



JAMES A. GORMLEY, Plainfield, N. J.
 Member of Coplin Pathological Society.
 A little man all to himself.



BERT EDWARD GOODMAN, A.B., Piedmont, O.
 Member of *AQ A*, Academy, Ptolemy and Keen
 Societies; Secretary of Forbes Anatomical
 League; President of the Class.

"Stellwagen did it!"



MAX GREEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

A good student and most diligent assistant in all out-patient and hospital work.



HOWARD CYRUS HARPER, Zelienople, Pa.

Keen Surgical Society; 16th Regiment, Pa. Vol. Inf.

Harper is a Jefferson man by adoption, having spent the first two years of his medical career at the Western University of Pennsylvania. Having served with distinction in the Spanish-American War, Harper was appointed by Dean Holland as Captain of the Royal Guards of the Jefferson Museum.



CHARLES LLOYD HARSHA, A.B., Washington, Pa.

Washington and Jefferson College; *N. S. N.*; *A. Q. A.*; member of Academy and Hare Medical Societies.

Charles is *not* a knocker.



JAMES LEON HARRINGTON, Mystic, Conn.

Treasurer Chapman Physiological Society; member Wilson Medical Society; Treasurer of Class, third year; Y. M. C. A.



JOHN FRANCIS HARRISON, Stamford, Conn.

Barber's protégé, but a more earnest worker. A horse doctor, a pharmacist, and his landlady's pet.



GEORGE HAY, Johnstown, Pa.

$\Phi A \Sigma$; Keen Surgical Society; Secretary of Chapman Physiological Society.

Knows many jokes generally accredited to the ancients.



FRANK LESLIE HAZLETT, Butler, Pa.

Destined to be a great man some day, for his resemblance to Fitzsimmons is very strong; manager of the foot ball team in 1901; *ΦΙΣ*; *ΑΩΑ*; President of Davis Obstetrical Society, and chairman of Class Day Committee.

Acted as Marcus Hanna for Patterson in his third year campaign.



CHARLES RITTENHOUSE HEED, Philadelphia, Pa.

ΦΙΣ; member of Hare Medical Society.

A real captivating, charming, harmless young man.



FRANK JOSEPH HEISLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Musician Extraordinary to Professor Montgomery.



ALBERT L. HENRY, Lancaster, Pa.

A man with a weakness for chorus girls—(Flora-dora).



JAMES PEARSE HILLARD, Fall River, Mass.

Member of Coplin Pathological and Montgomery Gynecological Societies.

He is a walking medical dispensary.



GEORGE WILLIAM HIXSON, B.Sc., Athens, O.

Member of Academy, Wilson Medical Society, and of the Class Day Committee.

Conceded to be the strongest man in the class; the only man that could throw Stellwagen in the pit.



SAMUEL McK. HOWELL.

Hails from City of Smoke; entered Jefferson in his Junior year; member of Coplin Pathological and Dercum Neurological Societies.

The mascot of the Class, and a loud thinker.



HARRY HUDSON, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

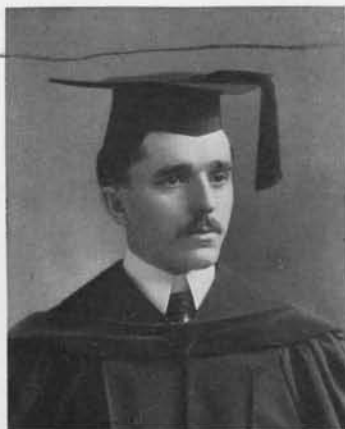
AKK; Dercum Neurological Society; assistant in Physiological Laboratory; assistant in Orthopædic Department.

Blankemeyer's double.



OLIVER L. HUTZELL, Philadelphia, Pa.

A member of the Chapman Physiological and Wilson Medical Societies.



WILLIAM EMORY HYSKELL, Smicksburg, Pa.

Montgomery Surgical Society; Y. M. C. A.

A man of diligent habits.



HARRY MILES IMBODEN, A.B., Anville, Pa.

Member of Academy and Davis Societies.

One-time associate and dear friend of Dr. Jacobs.



FREDERICK WILLIAM IRELAND, Ph.G., New York City.

Secretary Montgomery Society.

Author of the refined comedy monologue, "How I gave an old lady rheumatism."



JOHN BAILEY JONES, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.
(Better known as "Deacon.")

$\Lambda\Sigma\Lambda$; American Academy of Medicine.

An indefatigable worker. Received the Shain scholarship in a competitive examination, he being the only candidate.



MEYER JOSEPH KATZ, Philadelphia, Pa.

He will be heard from later.



ALFRED L. KELLEY, Ph.G., Wilmington, Del.

Member of Hare and Ptolemy Societies.

Adler's firm friend.



WILLIAM EDMUNDS KERR, B.Sc., Irondale, O.

A 21; Secretary of Academy and member of Wilson Medical Society; entered Jefferson in his third year.

A good student and a promising skin specialist.



RAYMOND ARNDT KIEFER hails from the land of mosquitoes and sand snipes.

He is a member of the Chapman Physiological and Davis Obstetrical Societies.

He has been a good boy during his college course.



RICHARD MORRISON KING, B.S., Concord, N. C.

A non-society man with a good record. One of Dr. Shriner's firm friends.



WALTER CEALEY KISSINGER, Sharon, Pa.

Member of Ptolemy and Davis Obstetrical Societies.

"Down with Chi!"



MARTIN L. KOSER.

Strolled in during the Junior year from Sioux City College of Medicine; member of Montgomery Gynecological Society.

A little fellow, with big collars, red ties, and a fondness for the fair sex.



ASHER G. KRIEBAL, Hereford, Pa.

Member of Montgomery Gynecological Society.

The Dutchman that stole the whiskey from a poor Blockley inmate.



OSCAR F. KUNKLE, B.E., Klinesville, Pa.

Graduate of Keystone State Normal School;
member of Coplin Pathological and Montgomery
Gynecological Societies.

The Dutchman who always looked for trouble.



CLYDE R. LARKINS, East Liverpool, Ohio.

Member of Wilson Medical Society; *AKK*, and
Class Prophet.

Has an excellent voice, and has frequently been
mistaken for a clergyman.



I. DAVID LOEWY, City of Brotherly Love.

Member of Chapman Society.

During the past fall he acted as volunteer surgeon
to Company — while stationed in the coal regions.
It is said he shaved General Gobin on two occasions.



EDWARD JOHNSTON LOGAN, Providence, R. I.

Member of Forbes Anatomical League and Coplin Society.

A profound student of ancient and modern Hebraic authorities.



JOHN C. LOPER comes from a small farm in New Jersey.

He is a member of the *AKK*, and clinical assistant to M. F. Sewall.



B. D. LUCK, McNeil, Ark.

A non-society man, who entered Jefferson this year. Chief protector to Willie Roberts.



ARTHUR FOSTER McCORMICK, Kittanning, Pa.

Member of Horwitz Surgical Society.

Played foot ball in 1901-2, and if a prize were awarded to the man who succeeded in being disabled most frequently, he would carry it off without any effort on his part.



JAMES A. McCracken, Norristown, Pa.

Member of Chapman Physiological Society and Secretary of Wilson Medical Society.

A young man who is very fond of Reading girls.



JOHN WILLIAM McKEMY, Dayton, Ohio.

$\Phi A \Sigma$; member of Horwitz Surgical Society.

A quiet and retiring student, whose underwear talks for itself.



JOHN W. McMULLIN, Wellsville, Pa.

Member of Keen Surgical Society.

Has made many trips to the seashore during his career as a student. (All aboard.)



WILLIS F. MANGES, York, Pa.

Member of Keen Surgical Society; *AAA*; President of Class during early part of Freshman year; Class Historian; Assistant to Earnest as Hospital Orderly, and Pharmacist to Hospital.

An admirer and assistant to Dr. Heineberg.



ROY C. MEALS, Oil City, Pa.

A most profound student. "I want to be a military man."

(Gol darn it.)



ROBERT BATTEN MERVINE, Milton, Pa.

Forbes Anatomical League; Keen Surgical Society; Base Ball Team '00.

His ambitions are centered in Gynecology, and, according to his own statement before Prof. Montgomery, he has not missed a clinic in that branch since his second year.



HENRY ERNEST MILLER, Belleville, Pa.

Member of Davis Obstetrical Society.

An earnest student.



RICHARD O. MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa., (Better known as Besser.)

Member of Chapman Physiological Society; Secretary of Keen Surgical Society; member of Ptolemy Society and Class Book Committee.

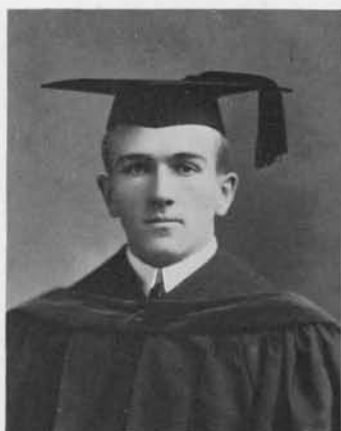
A veteran soldier and general disturber of the peace.



WALTER MARION MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Secretary of Class in first year.

Wears vests that *are* vests.



DARIUS CARRIER MOORE, Summerville, Pa.

Alleghany College; member of Forbes Anatomical League and Hare Medical Society.

Has struggled valiantly against the editor-in-chief of the "Jeffersonian."



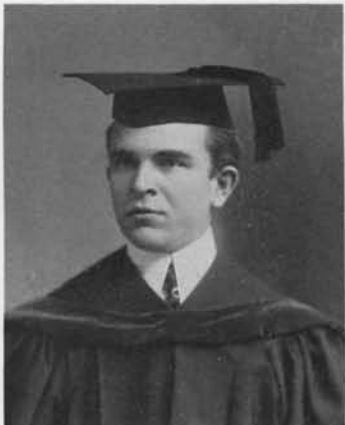
HENRY ECKERT MORRET, Reading, Pa.

Like the poor exiled son of Erin, who sadly longs to revisit the land of his birth, so Morret is anxious to return to his home in that land so fertile in beer and pretzels.



RAYMOND ANSON MOSER comes from the hilly village of Conshohocken.

Raymond is a nice boy, and has frequently entertained papa at the college.



HENRY STOKES MUNROE, B.S., M.D., Lenoir, N. C.

Member of Academy.

A new man who expects to get a Jefferson diploma.



AUGUSTIN PHILIP MUNSCH, Allegheny City, Pa.

Member of Forbes League and Keen Surgical Society.

Munsch should have graduated last year, but providence saw fit to let him experience a taste of rheumatism, which kept him from college so long he had to complete the year with us. Sorry, Munsch, but we are glad to have your smiling face with us.



FRANCIS ALOYSIUS MURPHY, A.B., Philadelphia, Pa.

Member of Chapman Physiological Society.

A quiet, steady student, who obeys Janish's instructions explicitly.



EDWARD RALPH MYERS, Pittston, Pa.

Member of Coplin Pathological Society and Montgomery Gynecological Society.

A member of the cheese and pretzel club.



WALTER FRANKLIN MYLIN, Lancaster, Pa.

Member of Coplin Pathological and Horwitz Surgical Societies.

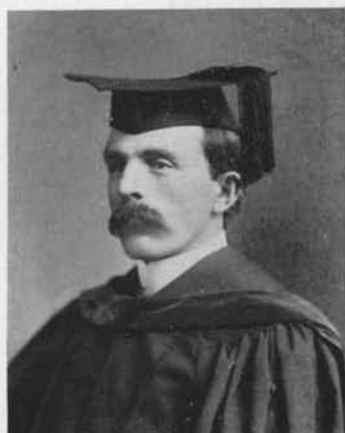
Played foot ball every year, and has the tenacity of a bull terrier.



THOMAS FRANKLIN NEIL, B.S., of Sligo, Pa.

Vice-President of Academy.

"O listen to the band."



NORMAN W. NEPTUNE, Loudenville, O.

Member of Jefferson Branch of Y. M. C. A.

A thorough Book Grafter, and a strong advocate of woman's suffrage.



MARCUS W. NEWCOMB, Newport, N. J.

Member of Coplin Pathological, Horwitz Surgical and Montgomery Gynecological Societies.



JAMES EDWARD NICKEL, York, Pa.

Secretary of Davis Obstetrical Society.

A quiet, hard-working man.



HARRY URBAN NORTH, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

IKK; member of Chapman Physiological, Davis Obstetrical and Horwitz Surgical Societies; Jeffersonian Board and Class Book Committee.

An active, industrious and ambitious young man, with a predilection for going to Reading, Pa.



JOHN DANIEL O'BRIEN, Norristown, Pa.

ΦΔΣ; Wilson Medical Society.

We hasten to explain that this is not Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, although after smoking a certain brand of tobacco he often imagines that he is a man of powerful strength.



THOMAS EDISON OGLEVEE, Dickerson Run, Pa.

Forbes Anatomical League; Hare Medical Society; Waynesburg College, and Mt. Union College, Ohio.



MICHAEL JOSEPH O'NEIL, Providence, R. I.

President Forbes Anatomical League; member of Keen Surgical Society; *AKK*.

A little man, who smokes a large corn-cob pipe, and is subject to convulsive seizures.



ROBERT MEHARD PATTERSON.

Coming from Beaver Falls, Pa., he tried to imitate the Beaver statesman in his political schemes; but lo! he was nipped in the bud when Tom Cook, Jr., made his appearance.

"Fear, craft and avarice
Cannot rear a State."



PHILIP MALCOLM PELTZ, Philadelphia, Pa.

Member of Chapman Physiological and Treasurer of Dercum Neurological Societies.

The camera fiend of the class.



GEORGE PLATT PILLING, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

AKK; AQA; Member of Chapman Physiological Society; Secretary of the Dercum Neurological and President of the Horwitz Surgical Societies; Class Presenter and member of the Jeffersonian Board; Vice-President of the Class in Junior year.

He was the first man to recognize and accurately describe Coplinitis, and his classic description of "Hospital Residentosis" deserves a cozy corner in the cranium of every student of medicine.



THOMAS HERITAGE PLATT, JR., Bridgeton, N. J.

Member of Coplin Pathological and Keen Surgical Societies.

A typical Jersey mosquito.



I. SWARTZ PLYMIRE, Orwigsburg, Pa.

Member of Keen Surgical Society.

A genial fellow, with a pocket full of cheap cigars.



GEORGE E. POOR, South Framingham, Mass.

Strolled in Jeff in Junior year from Albany Medical College, N. Y.

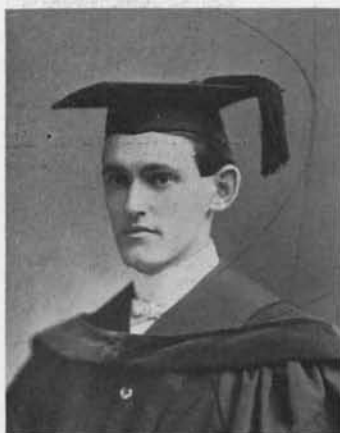
A pretty strawberry blonde, with a feeling of self-importance.



FREDERICK MORRIS PRITCHARD, Chester, Pa.

A member of the Chapman Physiological and Hare Medical Societies.

A hard worker, with a tendency to accumulate large quantities of beef.



HAROLD NEY PROTHERO, Indiana, Pa.

A K K; Forbes Anatomical League; Horwitz Surgical Society; Ptolemy Society.

A giddy benedict who enjoyed a long honeymoon.



JAMES J. QUINEY, Cape May Court House, N. J.

A K K; member of Chapman Physiological, Dercum Neurological, Hare Medical and Ptolemy Societies.

A good worker and fine fellow.



JAMES C. RALSTON, A.B.

Graduate of Grove City College; member of Academy.

A quiet fellow, and a hard student.



CONRAD S. REBER, M.E., Bernville, Pa.

Graduate Juniata College; member of Coplin Pathological, Montgomery Gynecological and Ptolemy Societies.

Another of the Dutch tribe.



HENRY DAVID REED, Uniontown, Pa.

AKK; member of the Dercum Neurological Society; entered Jefferson in the fourth year.

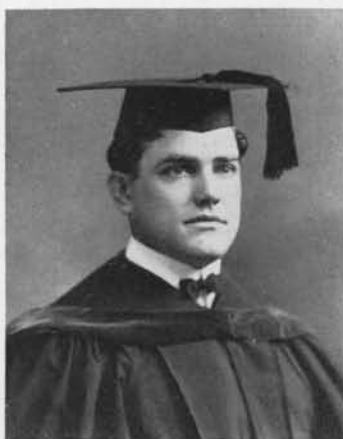
A man who likes his own fireside.



MARVIN WARREN REED, A.B., Alexandria, Pa.

A member of the Academy.

A general disturber.



JOHN A. REIDY, D.D.S., Oil City, Pa.

ΦΒΠ; member of Forbes Anatomical League;
President of Wilson Medical Society; Vice-
President of the Class.

A square fellow, with an eye on Meals.



WILLIAM MARVEN RESER, Lafayette, Ind.

Joined the ranks of 1903 last year.



WILLIAM PUSEY ROBERTS.

Comes from the American metropolis. Received his early education in a bank, and left a \$3,000 job to join the ranks of the "Healing Brigade."

Has a beautiful complexion, lovely locks, and a desire to get even with Tom Cook, Jr.

"He that studieth revenge
Keepeth his own wounds green."



CLAIR EDWARD ROBINSON, Windber, Pa.

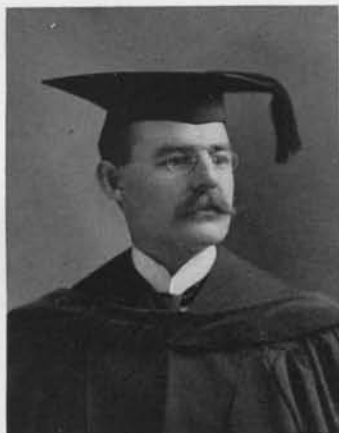
Member of Montgomery Surgical Society.

A hard worker.



WILLIAM HENRY RODGERS, Toledo, Ohio.

A new man who has designs on Ohio State Board.



HORACE LEWIS ROSE, Camden, N. J.

A hard-working student, who is not afraid of the loud-voiced wrath of Slifer.



EMIL SAUER, Worcester, Mass.

Montgomery Gynecological Society.

A renowned hero of the cinder path, who, ensnared by Hymen, took to globe trotting. He contemplates a partnership with Burton Holmes, and will possibly lecture on "German Universities."



SILAS W. SAXTON, Florence, Pa.

Came from Western Pennsylvania in his Sophomore year; member of Keen Surgical Society.

Si is a very sedate, reserved, and model young man.



HARRY A. SCHAFFER, Williamstown, Pa. (Better known as "Terry.")

Treasurer of Senior Class and Hare Medical Society.

A little man, with a fondness for horse trading; has a soft spot for the girl he left behind.



DANIEL SCOTT SCHENCK, Ponca City, Oklahoma.

Member of Horwitz Surgical, Montgomery Gynecological and Dercum Neurological Societies.

He presents the sad spectacle of the last of the bad men, debauched by the decadent luxuries of the East.



AMOS BOWMAN SCHNADER, A.B.

Claims Bowmansville for his home; was Captain of the foot ball team in 1901; *Φ Α Σ*; *Α Ω Α*; member of Academy; Secretary of Horwitz Surgical Society; member of Class Book Committee.

A hustler and a good student; doesn't say much, but thinks a whole lot.



NOAH SCHOOLMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Inventor of the famous (?) traveling crane device to elevate depressed fractures of the skull, soon to be put on the market by the Baldwin Locomotive Works.



LORRAINE L. SCHWARTZ.

Hails from the City of Smoke; a pharmacist, a good student, a quiet fellow; *ΑΩΑ*; *ΦΑΣ*, and President of Hare Medical Society.

Always wears a few large diamonds and a pleasant smile. (Have your choice.)



HIRAM CHINSWORTH SCOTT, Waynesburg, Pa.

Member of Hare Medical Society and Class Day Committee.

A desperate Filipino fighter, with the reputation of having played pinochle with Aguinaldo. Escaped the ravages of the Spanish-American War, but had to leave Phil. minus his appendix.



MILLARD FREEMAN SEWALL, A.B., York Village, Me.

Dartmouth College; *ΑΚΚ*; member of Academy, Keen Surgical and Ptolemy Societies;

Entered Jefferson in his second year, and expects to become a great doctor some day.



LAWRENCE ALOYSIUS SHERIDAN, Wilkes-
barre, Pa.

Member of Montgomery Gynecological Society.

A truly strong man, a non-pretentious student, with
a fondness for red neckwear.



WALTER LEVI SLIFER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Horwitz Surgical Society.

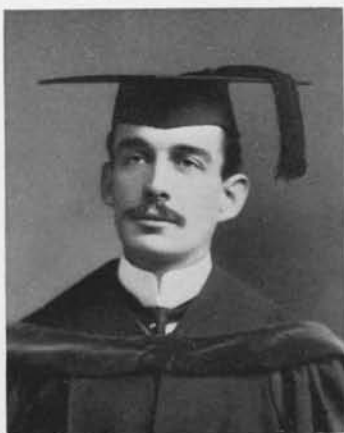
A rude man, with a deep, rough voice.



FRED C. SMITH, B.S., New Richmond, Wis.

1911; graduate of Carleton College, Northfield,
Minn.; entered Jefferson in Junior year; member
of Academy and Davis Obstetrical Society.

Official anæsthetizer and a genuine "plugger."



HOWARD SEDGWICK SMITH, D.D.S., Newark, N. J.

Member of Horwitz Surgical and Dercum Neurological Societies; entered Jefferson in second year with a sheepskin from the U. of P.

Has a prolific knowledge of all the convolutions and gyri of the brain, and as a Band Leader makes Sousa look like a plugged Canadian ten-cent piece.

"With thy sweet melodies thou canst awake
The rigid form of death,
And set all else a-shake
With thy strong odoriferous breath."



THOMAS COOK STELLWAGEN, JR., D.D.S., Media, Pa.

N S N; *A Q A*; Keen Surgical Society; Class Orator.

Inventor of the Stellwagen trephine, prosector for Prof. Forbes in his second year. The Matt Quay of the class, and a most devoted friend to W. P. Roberts (?).

"When each the other shall avoid,
Shall each by each be most enjoyed."



ROBERT A. STEWART, Lock Haven, Pa.

N S N; member of Forbes Anatomical League, Wilson Medical Society; President of Class in Sophomore year.

This young man exhibits a tendency to alopecia.



JOHN WALLACE STOKES, East Hampton, Long Island, N. Y.

Θ Λ X; Lafayette.

As long as his native isle.



WALTER ADDISON STRAYER, B.Sc., Steubenville, Ohio.

President of Academy; member of Wilson Medical Society and of Class Book Committee; entered Jefferson in his Junior year.

Is a diligent worker, a good student, and has a host of friends.



JAMES HAYES SWAN, Neelyton, Pa.

M. E. Juniata College; Montgomery Gynecological Society; Y. M. C. A.

Swan says he is a great admirer of Sandow, and one of his fondest ambitions is to excel this giant in performing feats of great strength.



JAMES WILLIAM THOMAS, M.D., Salem, Ore.

A graduate of Willamette University, '02; member of Oregon State Medical Society.

Appreciating his inefficiency as a practitioner, he came East to perfect his knowledge of medical subjects.



WINFIELD OTIS THOMPSON, Dodge City, Kansas.

A Q A; Keen Surgical Society.

On his way east Thompson was held up at the Medical College of Ohio, where he took the first two years of the course, but, contrary to Horace Greeley's advice to young men, he came east and soon established among us a reputation as a fine student and a thoroughly good fellow.



WILLIAM H. TOMLINSON, Brownsburg, Pa.

A Q A; President Keen Surgical Society; Class Poet; member of Jefferson Branch Y. M. C. A.

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."



JACOB S. ULLMAN, Natchez, Miss.

ΦΒΠ; entered Jefferson in the Junior year.

Is quite proficient with the pen and pencil. His note book is a fair specimen of an illustrated Bird Fanciers' catalogue.



FRANK SELLERS ULLOM, Waynesburg, Pa.

ΝΣΝ; Ptolemy and Hare Societies.

A most conscientious ophthalmologist.



JOHN HARDIN WARD, JR., better known as Kentucky Ward.

He is a wonder—a regular human flying machine. This is dear boy Luck. He is a hard worker, and adviser to W. P. Roberts.



TODD POPE WARD, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

ΦΒΠ; strolled in from Ann Arbor in the Junior year; member of the Davis Obstetrical Society.

A conservative young man.



WILLIAM J. A. WARD.

Was reared in a small spot in Jersey; is a member of the W. W. Keen Surgical Society.

A staunch advocate of hydrotherapy, and Dick Miller's constant companion.



WILLIAM BRAHAM WASHABAUGH, A.B.,
Grove City, Pa.

Grove City College; member of Academy and Davis Obstetrical Societies.

Discoverer of the lamp cord *Bacillus Anthracis*.



SHERMAN CHAUNCEY WEED, New Canaan, Conn.

Entered Jefferson this year; member of Davis Obstetrical and Dercum Neurological Societies.

Made Jefferson famous in that one of her sons discovered a new stain for the tubercle bacillus, which consists of methylene blue and eosin, the eosin staining the bacilli red.



FRANCIS W. WHITE, Auburn, R. I.

$\Phi A \Sigma$; member of Forbes Anatomical League, Hare Medical Society Fraternity.

A man of high aspirations, with hypertrophy of the "I" center.



IRA BRATTON WHITEHEAD, Ryde, Pa.

Montgomery Surgical Society; assistant in Chemical Laboratory, second year; Y. M. C. A.

A frivolous youth, who has wasted his time and substance.



HERRING WINSHIP, Macon, Ga.

AKK ; member of Forbes Anatomical League;
Vice-President Keen Surgical Society.

A real live Beau Brummell.



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O'NEILL, OWEN	Conn.

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REAZIN, HENRY LE ROY	Alaska.
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ELLIS, WALTER WINTHROP	Del.
EVANS, HORACE ELMER	Del.
FELTON, HARRY MOORE	Pa.
FERGUSON, GILBERT ALOYSIUS	Pa.
FISHER, MULFORD KEANE	Pa.
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McCULLOUGH, WILLIAM JOHN L.....	Pa.
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MACE, LLOYD RUSSELL	Pa.
MAGEE, JAMES CARRE	Pa.
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MILLER, OLIVER JOSEPH	Fla.
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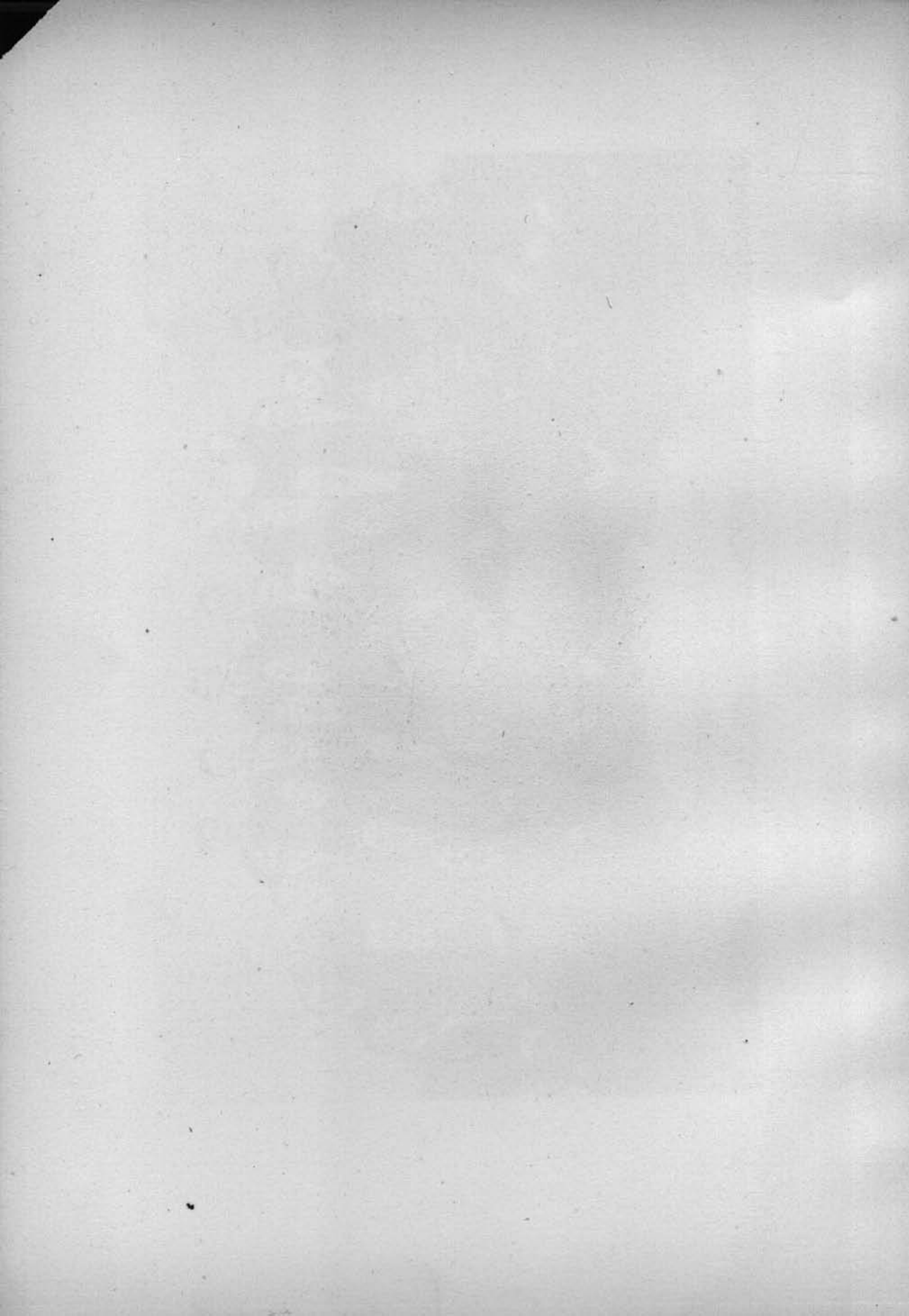
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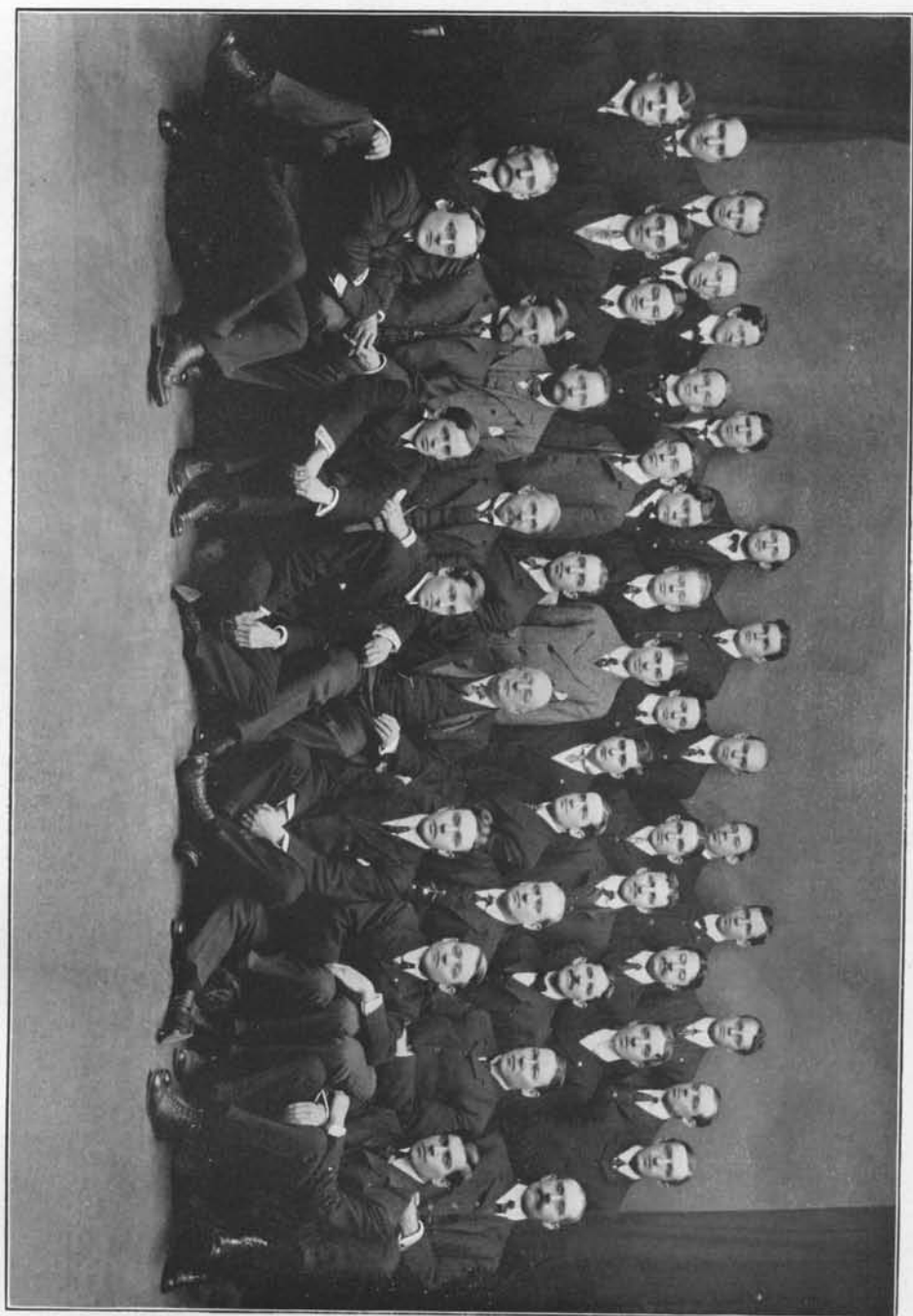
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1007

L. A. Stewart, BSc



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GAMMA. Tuft's College Medical School, Boston, Mass.
DELTA. Medical Department University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
EPSILON. Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
ZETA. Long Island College Hospital Medical School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
ETA. College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, Ill.
THETA. Maine Medical School, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
IOTA. Medical Department University Syracuse, N. Y.
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- ZETA. Northwestern University.
- ETA. University of Illinois.
- THETA. University of Cincinnati.
- IOTA. Columbia University.
- KAPPA. Rush Medical College (Chicago University).
- LAMBDA. University of Pennsylvania.
- MU. University of Syracuse.
- NU. University of Southern California.
- XI. New York University and Bellevue.
- OMICRON. Union University.
- ALPHA KAPPA PHI (PI). Washington University, St. Louis.
- RHO. Jefferson Medical College.
- SIGMA. Western Reserve University.
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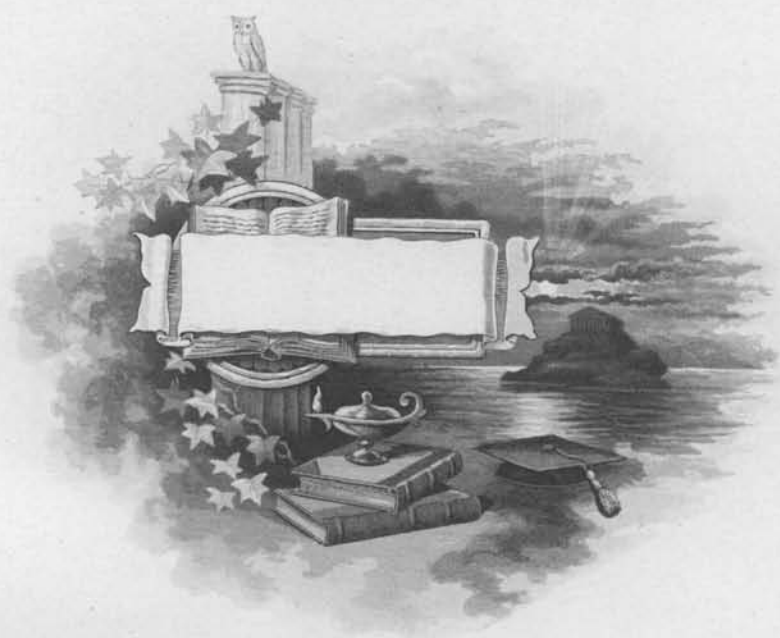
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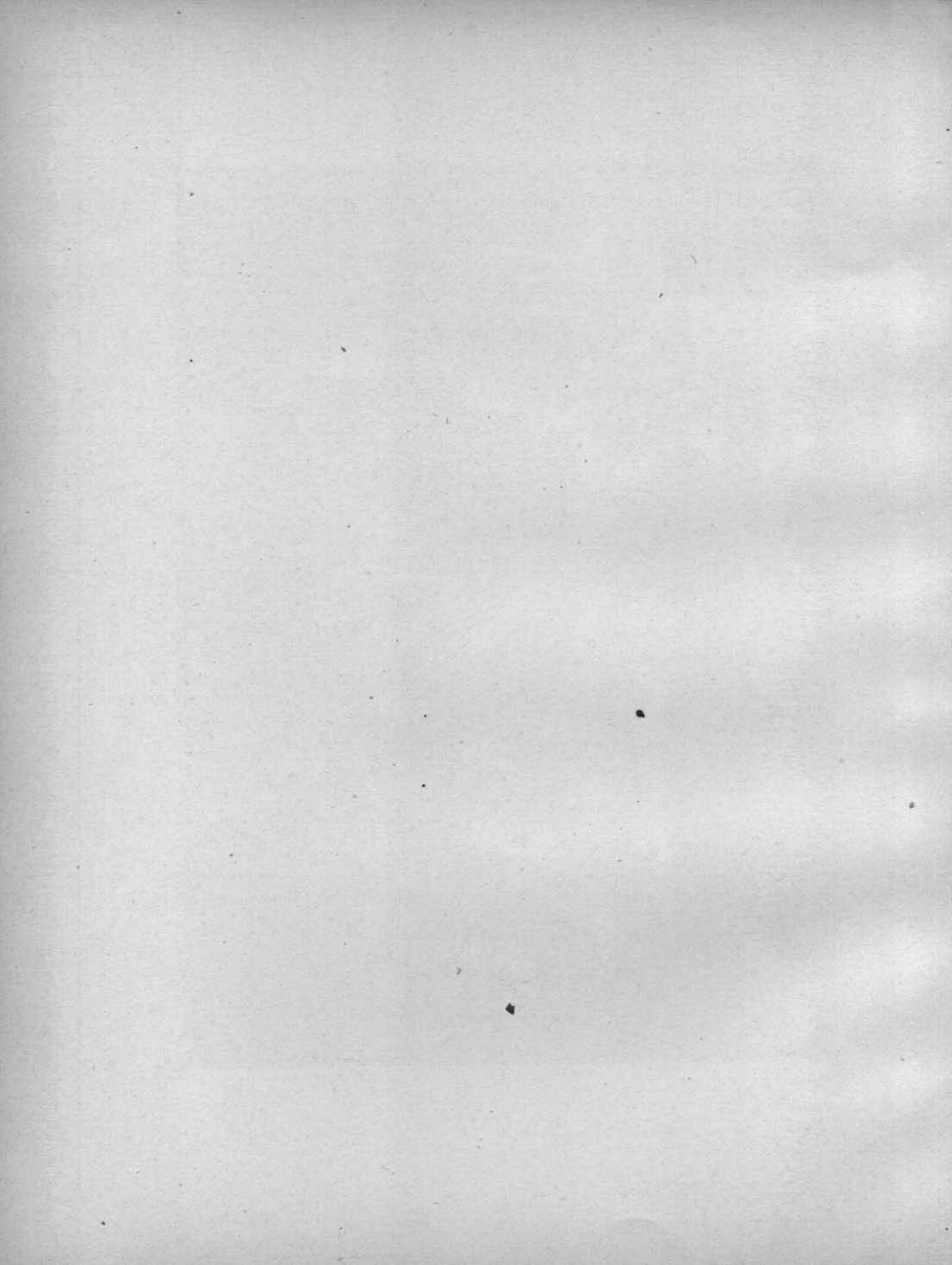
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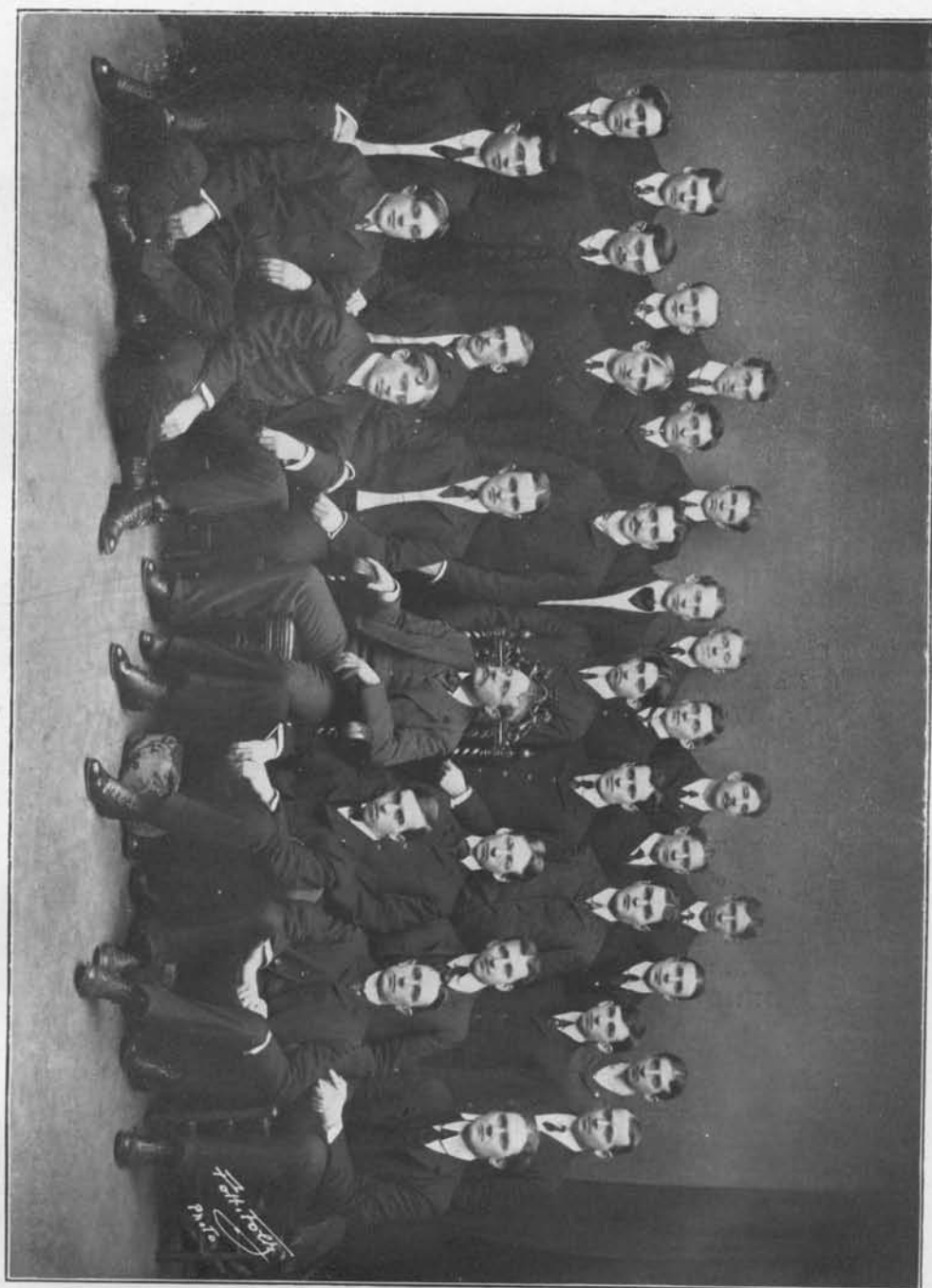
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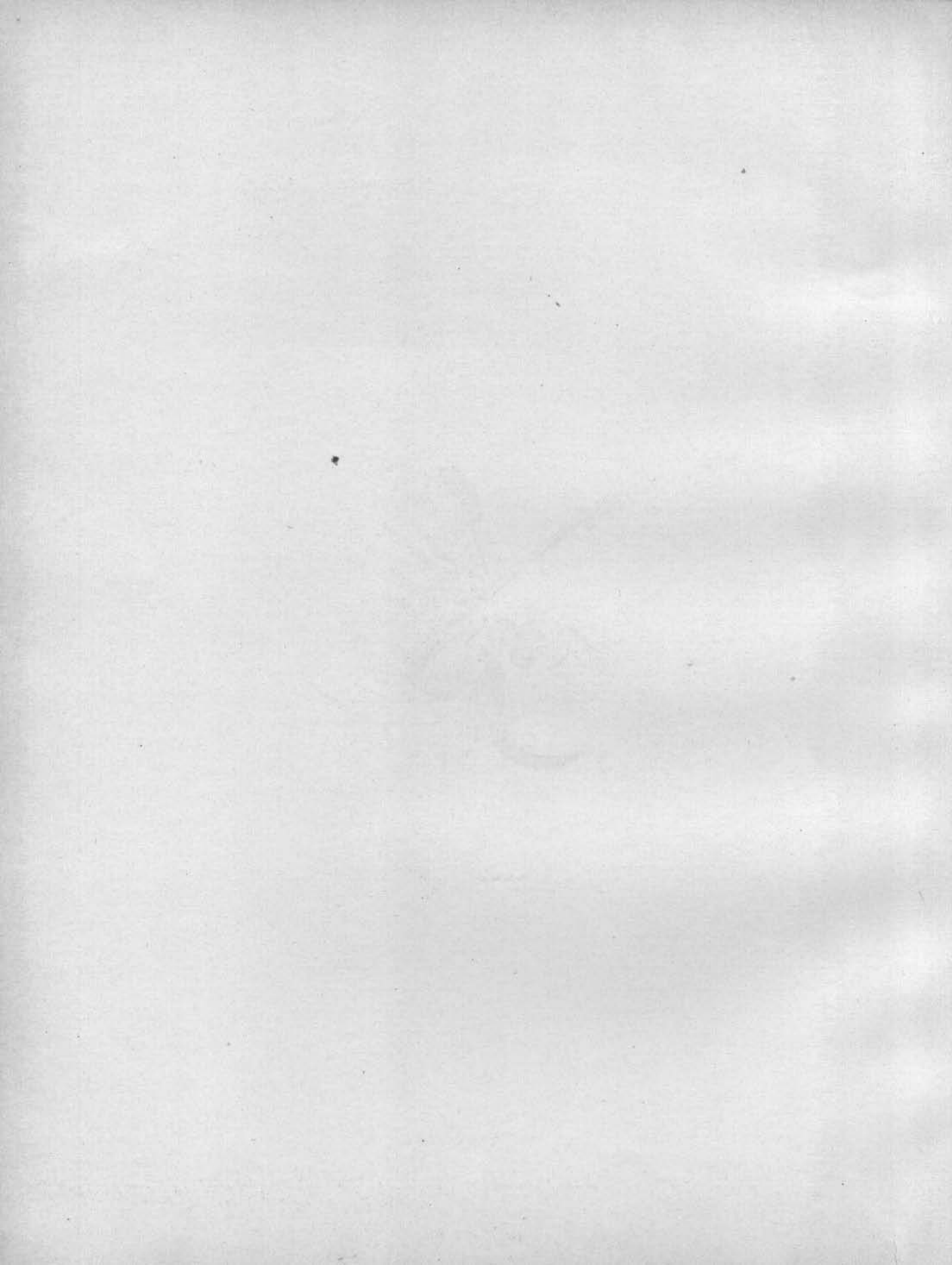
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Nov. 15	Jefferson 0	Swarthmore	34	Swarthmore
Nov. 19	Jefferson 5	Franklin and Marshall . .	17	Lancaster
Nov. 22	Jefferson 5	Medico-Chi	0	Philadelphia

TOTAL POINTS SCORED.

By Opponents	67
By Jefferson	72



Jefferson Basket Ball Team

SEASON OF 1903

C. B. STEVENSON, Manager.

EDWARD K. MITCHELL, Captain.

TEAM

BLANK, Forward

Guard, BARSTOW

MITCHELL (Capt.), Forward

Guard, SWALLOW

MACE, Centre

SUBSTITUTES

SMITH

CORNWALL

WICK

Games Played

DATE	SCORE	OPPONENTS	SCORE	PLACE
Nov. 29	Jefferson 34	Muhlenberg College 11		Philadelphia
Dec. 6	Jefferson 14	Lafayette College 16		Easton
Dec. 13	Jefferson 21	Lehigh University 22		Bethlehem
Jan. 10	Jefferson 17	Columbia 14		Philadelphia
Jan. 14	Jefferson 32	Muhlenberg College 15		Allentown
Jan. 17	Jefferson 17	Temple College 11		Philadelphia
Jan. 21	Jefferson 12	Princeton 46		Princeton
Jan. 24	Jefferson 14	Lafayette College 6		Philadelphia
Jan. 31	Jefferson 27	Medico-Chi. 13		Philadelphia
Feb. 7	Jefferson 25	Phila. Dental College 6		Philadelphia
Feb. 14	Jefferson 24	Lehigh University 3		Philadelphia
Feb. 21	Jefferson 13	Phila. College of Pharmacy, 14		Philadelphia
Feb. 28	Jefferson 36	Phila. Dental College 7		Philadelphia
Mar. 10	Jefferson 5	Lasalle College 4		Philadelphia

Summary

GAMES WON.

By Opponents 4
By Jefferson 10

POINTS SCORED.

By Opponents 198
By Jefferson 291

Class Day Exercises



Committees

FRANK LESLIE HAZLETT,
Chairman.

HENRY JOSEPH BLANKEMEYER, JR.,
ROBERT MEHARD PATTERSON,
THOMAS BENJAMIN CARROLL.

Decorations.

GEORGE WILLIAM HIXSON,
FRANCIS WILLIAM WHITE,
ROBERT ARMSTRONG STEWART.

Assessments.

FREDERICK BLUNT ALLEN,
HOWARD BOYD CALHOUN,
EDWIN RAHN FLEMING.

Caps and Gowns.

FRANK LESLIE HAZLETT,
EDWARD JOHNSON LOGAN,
HARRY CHINSWORTH SCOTT.

Invitations and Programs.

HERRING WINSHIP,
FRANK SELLERS ULLOM,
LAWRENCE WELLINGTON DANA.



CLASS-DAY SPEAKERS.

President's Address

B. E. GOODMAN, A.B.

Ladies and Gentlemen :



IT IS with much pleasure that the Class of 1903 extends a most cordial welcome to those who have honored us with their presence here to-day.

The character of our exercises differs from that which we have been so accustomed to during the last four years. It is rather the rejoicing over a successful completion of our work and to show that there are a few things to break the monotony of the study of the proverbial dry bones of medicine.

The orator will lead you through the etherial realms, relate our ideals, our hopes, our fears, the heights we expect to reach and the fame we shall seek to gain.

The historian will describe the evolution of the class from babyhood to full maturity, and narrate a few of its deeds of valor and wisdom.

The presenter will show you a few of the appliances and instruments we are capable of using in a skillful and masterful manner.

The prophet will lead you through the velvety paths of the future and assure you that success will crown the efforts of us all.

The poet, inspired by the muses, will sing of the beauties of our Æsculapian art.

We have at last reached the goal toward which we have been striving, after four years of work, mingled with its joys and discouragements. Four years ago this day seemed to be in the far distant future, and we wondered if we should ever be able to cross the vast gulf separating us from the coveted goal on the other side, but little by little, year after year, we have continued to toil, until to-day we have reached that goal; and, as we look back over our college course, it seems as yesterday since we first began. We said we had reached the goal for which we sought. We have; but this is not the final goal. There are no absolute goals in life. But just as each mile-post is the beginning of another mile, as well as the end of the preceding one, so each goal that we cross is only one more step toward the next goal, which, to be successful, we must also cross.

The Class of 1903 is the first class to complete the entire course in the new college building.

How different have been our advantages and teaching from the first class

graduating from the almost sacred building that has just been torn away! At that time the course lasted two years, and consisted of didactic lectures and a few clinics; laboratories and modern practical methods of teaching were but little, if any, known.

Yet in that sanctum of learning have taught some of the most brilliant and inimitable masters that the medical world has known. And from those walls have come many who, imbibing the spirit of Mütter, a Pancoast or a Gross, have gone forth to alleviate pain and suffering and in turn have taught the principles of the healing art to others. We stand to-day where our teachers stood when they left their Alma Mater.

But they have given us the additional advantage of the progress and discoveries made in medical science since the completion of their course. In fact, they have given us the best of the accumulated knowledge and experience of all the past ages.

There still remain many obscure and hidden diseases, whose mysteries are yet to be solved. Although the investigation of the past has revealed its wonders, the work of the present is no less admirable. Never in the history of medicine have greater strides been made against the ravages of disease. A single example is the Rockefeller Institute, now being equipped at the expense of millions to combat that arch enemy of the human race, Tuberculosis—that disease which alone is the cause of the death of one-seventh of mankind.

As in other investigations, great discoveries and improvements do not spring full grown into the field of medicine. By a slow and gradual process has it attained its present high standard. How many years has it taken the master diagnosticians to divide and classify the numerous diseases into their present form; one master after another, adding and recognizing symptoms, until the symptom complex has been completed. Antisepsis, from its crude empirical beginning, has gradually been perfected, until at present the surgeon is enabled to bridle the microbe and eliminate it from the field of operation. But, strange as it may seem, many things now considered so commonplace and essential were the source of great persecution and ridicule to their author. When Semmelweis announced his discovery of puerperal sepsis he could gain no ear to listen to his counsel nor induce his colleagues to heed his warning. And no less severe were the attacks on Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in our own country.

When Harvey announced his discovery of the circulation of the blood, so bitter was the opposition of his contemporaries that he lost a great part of his practice, and was considered by many to be insane. Thus we find that throughout the history of medicine all great reforms and ideas have first been conceived by the individual, and it has been necessary to elevate the profession to that plane where it can appreciate before they could be accepted. And it is in this way that, by individual effort, the profession has reached the present standard.

The rapid advance in medicine in America has made it unnecessary for the student of medicine to go to Europe to complete his education, as it was in the early and middle part of the last century. The influence of these great medical centers on the quick, susceptible American mind has wrought the change. They thoroughly mastered their masters' teaching, and on their return they did not hide their light under a bushel, but rather placed it on the hill top as a beacon light to others who might choose to follow the profession of Hippocrates.

During the past four years we have been under the guiding hand of our teachers. We must now go among strangers, where we shall be thrown upon our own resources, and where we must make decisions for ourselves. The manner in which we make these decisions will depend largely upon the degree of diligence with which we have pursued our work. If we have taken advantage of our opportunities, we shall be successful; but if we have been indifferent and careless in our work, doing only that absolutely required, we shall not attain that degree of success that will be a credit to ourselves and an honor to our Alma Mater.

The future of Jefferson is to be one of continued usefulness, even greater than it has been in the past.

The new College Building, with its well-equipped laboratories, has added greatly to her teaching capacity.

The new Hospital, now in course of construction, not simply an aid to teaching, will stand in towering height and princely grandeur, stretching out an arm of mercy, bidding the afflicted come and be healed, and the suffering have their pains relieved. It will remain as a monument to perpetuate the names and memory of those who shall there faithfully perform their allotted duty.

And as we look into the future and see the multitudes who shall there have their pain and suffering alleviated, we are doubly proud of our famous teachers and honored institution. In the beginning of the new century, as the illuminating sun continues to rise higher and higher, so the fair name of Jefferson shall continue to grow and shine.

And, as we shall say good-bye to her to-morrow, we shall do so with the hope that the Class of 1903 will not only be able to maintain her enviable reputation, but that we may add greater fame to a famous college.

Again we welcome you to our Class Day exercises.

Class History

Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:



THE ROLE of historian is as fixed as fate.

The poet deals in rhyme and fancy; the orator plays with flowing sound; the presenter distributes his wares properly; and all these are flexible, changeable, subject to modification. But to the narrator of history no choice is given. He must state facts, even though these facts be revelations. Often in going over them, even with tears, it was hoped that they might be otherwise; but there is no choice. Modifications cannot be accepted. Apologies are not in order.

In the present instance uncertainty and fear were felt on receipt of this office, but on greater deliberation the fact that there was no choice of subject, no play of imagination, no peculiar gift required, but only the statement of realities, events that had transpired, things that had taken place, that to present them in simple, clear, positive language, this was the part of the historian, and to this we consented.

So, while you, my kindly hearers, listen to the rhythmical tongue of the poet, and the liquid language of the orator, and the portrayal of vision by the prophet, and the distribution of the gifts by the presenter, bear in mind that in this part there is no choice, no liberty of selection.

All to be said is a plain, honest, straightforward statement of facts, things that have transpired, that are irrevocable, immutable, and fixed. And, we beg you to listen with open ears as we voice these forth in mingled pride and humility.

Freshman Year

All during the summer of '99 a lot of boys, in more or less rapid succession, presented themselves at the old college building for matriculation. Some brought diplomas or certificates, others letters of introduction or pleas from mamma that her dear boy would be treated kindly. But alas! Mothers' pleas

were in vain, and many had to take their turn in the "sweat box." Fortunate was the man who had paid his \$150.00 prior to the entrance examination. Some said it was easy; others found it otherwise. Pilling had an opportunity of which he properly made use. Examination room, 11 a.m., the dean looked pleasant; 12 m. exit the dean, leaving his Latin book on the desk. "Josh" must have had a regular chariot ride.



On Monday evening, October 2d, '99, we all went to hear the able address of Professor Phineas S. Connor, at the formal opening of the New Jefferson.

Of course we occupied the rear seats on this occasion; that is, all of us except Neptune and Swan, who were ushered to the front, and it is hinted were introduced to the guests of honor as Dr. Neptune and Dr. Swan.

On this occasion the New Jefferson and the Class of 1903 were launched for their life cruise.

During the next few days we, "the gentlemen of the first course," were busy finding rooms and board, studying the city topographically and topically, buying second-hand medical books, learning to distinguish the Freshman from the Sophomore, waiting for the elevator to take us to the sixth floor, waiting, swapping stories, bumming cigarettes, and telling each other how we happened to be there.



Some had come to enter the ranks of professional life because their sweethearts had begged them to do something. This class was represented by Allen, Akers, Bennett and Crawford; Imboden, Kriebel, Kunkle and Morret were tired of following the plough; Harrington, Mervine and Larkins came to fulfill a special dispensation of Providence, and Hay, Platt and Kiefer were there to become great men.

But all had chosen Jefferson on the strength of her glorious past.

One among us just happened here by chance. Crane, of Bucksport, Maine, had started for another medical school. On the train he met a Jefferson Sophomore whose college spirit was so strongly effusive as to cause Crane to have his baggage rechecked to Philadelphia. Crane meant to join the Y. M. C. A. the following week, but in the mean time he met McKemy. "Nuf sed!"

A class election was proposed and effected very early in the year. The following were elected to hold the reins during the first half of the year: President, Manges; vice-president, McFall; secretary, W. M. Miller; treasurer, Calhoun.

Roberts should have been elected president, but he didn't want the office. His time was too much occupied. He had just discovered a lengthy article in one of the Sunday papers, which described the specific cause for baldness, the method of destroying the horrible germ, and the means of restoring the capillary substance where it really ought to grow. After faithfully carrying out the instructions for six months, he found the plan no good. Since then he has tried every known remedy, including "Seven Sutherland Sisters'," and it is said even consulted Dr. Munyon. "There is hope!"



In due season a class constitution was adopted, thanks to the untiring efforts of North, White and Jones. Henceforth there was maintained a high degree of class spirit, for which '03 has been noted.

The Sophomores were a conceited bunch, and, while waiting for Dr. Hewson to appear one evening, they attempted to use Henry as a toy. In less than ten seconds we were down upon them with terrific force. We hurled some of them into the arena, others were tossed up to the rear seats; all of them were tattered and torn. The battle was short, fierce and decisive. Every one of us secured a scalp in the shape of collars, ties, bunches of hair, false teeth, etc.

After the Christmas holidays every one returned with stores of energy. Another class election was in order, and resulted as follows: President, McFall; vice-president, D. C. Moore; secretary, W. M. Miller; Treasurer, Calhoun.

Every one settled down to hard work. In the anatomical room we spent many hours. We all remember Max in his long, green coat. Chamberlain, thinking Max must be one of the professors, asked him to demonstrate Scarpa's Triangle. Dr. Green replied: "I don't have time just now."

Whitehead solved many mysteries for his classmates in the chemical laboratory, and it was some time before Katz ceased to call him professor.

The examinations at the end of the year were easy, and only a few failed to pass. These wanted an excuse to stay at home.

Sophomore Year

On Monday evening, October 1st, '00, we were afforded an opportunity to see our professors and trustees arrayed in their best "Bib and Tucker." How awe inspiring was their march into the arena! When they had seated themselves and removed their mortar boards, the tension was relieved, and the outlook was less dark.

Hon. William Potter, president of the Board of Trustees, assured us of the hearty co-operation of that worthy body of men, and announced the fact that Drs. Dercum and Da Costa were elected to professorships in the college faculty.

Professor Dercum delivered the formal opening address, and a masterpiece it was.

All but a few of the original 185 returned.

Several new faces appeared among our ranks, all notable characters, such as Barber and Harrison, eminent horse doctors; Campbell, Ralston, Neil and Washabaugh, experts in captivating ladies, conspirators in the business; Fledderjohan, a most comical genius; Segal, the most excitable man in the class, but he has become more composed through his close companionship with Barber; Sewall, the Maine man, with his Yankee ways; Schnader, a star foot ball captain; Stellwagen and Smith, knights of the molar gang, and Ward, a "moonshiner" from Kentucky, better known as "Ward up," because of his frequent flights over our heads from the front seat to the rear. Ward never did seem to get enough of this.

We soon proceeded to business. Heyser didn't want to be president, so he was not nominated.

The following gentlemen were given authority to rule during our second year: President, Stewart; vice-president, Calhoun; secretary, Patterson; Treasurer, Dana. A good lot, and they served well.

Prosperity was too much for Stewart, and he rapidly developed a peculiar disease, which as yet has not been described. The name given the condition is "Nursitis." He complained of sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart,

loss of appetite, and a craving for sour pickles. He had a mania for ferry boats, and he never sat with his back towards Camden. The prognosis in his case is favorable.

We were notified of the death of one of our classmates, Mr. George Huber, of Atlantic City. He died of typhoid fever on July 1st, '00. This was truly a sorrow to all.

During the year only one man had the nerve to sleep in lectures and recitations on surgery. This was Crawford. He was given the unique privilege of three days' absence without having to present a written excuse.

Lowey defined an annular thrombus as one occurring annually.

The following description of moist gangrene was given by a member of this class (his name is withheld): "The man's feet is blue; the man is blue, and he smells bad."

This year we began the study of pathology in earnest. Bell became an expert in this branch, and was the only man who could define "Hyperinosis," which he said was an enlargement of the nose.



Every one owned a text-book on pathology, and he needed it in his business. Imagine Cotham's predicament when on arriving in his den for an evening's study on coagulation necrosis he found that nearly all his text-books had been stolen. This polite note replaced them: "Sorry to disturb your studies, but I needed the money, and have gone to New York." Cotham appealed to Schwartz, and together they went to City Hall to report the affair at headquarters. They gave a detailed description of the man who needed the money. All the pawnshops were notified, and word was dispatched to the New York authorities.

Hayes, a long, lean, sleek card sharp from Arkansas, roomed with Cotham, and some of his books were among the missing, but not until he had returned from a game for intermission did not know of his loss. When Hayes played in hard luck he would leave the table, go to his room, light a cigarette, lie on the bed and read aloud one or more chapters of the Bible, then return to the game. On this occasion the loss of his books did not disturb his habit; so he took to the bed, Bible in hand. The bed was unusually hard, and upon examination all the stolen books were found under the mattress. Cotham and Schwartz then retraced their steps to City Hall.

One of the most memorable events of the year occurred one afternoon as we congregated for our first lecture on "Medical Jurisprudence." The Junior Class was invited to attend this course of lectures, and we disputed their rights to occupy the front seats. Such scrambling over benches, such pulling of hair, such slugging, such yelling, such surging to and fro of a mass of humanity you never saw! Harrington even said a swear word out loud. That battle was hotter than any Tobasco you ever saw.

The odds were in our favor when Professor Chapman entered the room. The professor entered the struggle with as much earnestness as a freshman would have and succeeded in saving the lives and limbs of a portion of the Junior Class. Then, in his characteristic manner, Professor Chapman exclaimed: "Kings and queens serve illustrious reigns and die; presidents are elected, serve their terms, live illustrious lives and die, and everything in nature changes. But not since the days of Galen or the birth of Christ has the medical student changed."

The Christmas holidays were welcomed by all. A few of the boys remained in the city, among them Baines, who narrowly escaped with his life from a pistol duel with a barber on New Year's Eve.

We accomplished much this year. To the anatomical room we said farewell. We learned all there was left of chemistry and became experts in experimental physiology. When we tried to take a tracing of O'Brien's pulse the arterio sclerosis was so marked that the sphygmograph was ashamed to tell the whole story, so it just kept on tracing: w w w w.

We learned that it is always necessary to be sure a patient is dead before doing a post-mortem operation.

We became intimately acquainted with the *cimex hirundis*, *culex damnosus*, and the various members of the *pediculi* family.

Lectures and recitations being over, we took thought for the year to come. Each one was eager to be in Section "A."

It was decided that we should line up on a certain morning, and at a given time numbers would be issued by a committee. Sheridan was on deck at 3 a.m., and amused himself by catching rats around the old college building. His prize catch was one which measured twenty inches from tip to tip. This slain monster was hung on the lamp post at the northeast corner of the college. Tomlinson, Hutzell, Campbell and Robison soon arrived. Woe unto those who came after them! Each man as he arrived was compelled to assume a



worshipful attitude to the rat; he was then seized, his body put in a horizontal position, with the thighs in extreme flexion, and carried to a stone wall, with which his gluteal region was brought into close relation under pressure. Flatley ate his meals off the mantel board for a week afterward.

Meanwhile some of the boys waylaid a street concert company, and to the music of the "hurdy gurdy" there was much horrible singing, as well as some fancy dancing. Finally, at the proper time, the numbers were issued, and the mob dispersed.

Junior Year

This is the half-way mark. Every one who returned this year realized that the real thing was just beginning.

Professor Da Costa delivered the opening address, and we were just five rows from the front.

The final roll call showed our number increased by seven over the previous year. The class of "1903" constituted more than one-fourth the entire student body.



LESLIE M. McFALL.

According to custom, a political campaign was waged, and resulted in this manner: President, Patterson; vice-president, Pilling; secretary, Crow; treasurer, Harrington.

Again we were notified of the death of a classmate.

Mr. McFall was one of the most popular men in his class, always a gentleman. As vice-president of this class during the first half and president during the second half of our Freshman year, his strength of character as a man

among men was grand, and for the class he rendered much able and good service.

At a class meeting held to adopt resolutions of sympathy to his parents and friends, there was manifested the real loss we felt in his death.

Cohen asleep at the lantern switch was our most constant source of amusement.

Cunningham thought he was developing eclampsia because he saw red and black spots before his eyes. The doctor advised him to stop playing poker.

Gibson came all the way from Alabama to join us and give us the benefit of his extensive medical knowledge. He has even acknowledged that quinine has been given for malaria in the South.

There was a marked increase in the Ohio immigration. Hixon, Kerr, Elder and Strayer constituted the new additions. They are an unusually wise and well-behaved lot.

Holston is from Ohio, also. Even he looks wise since he has produced a chin beard. That he is an ingenious fellow is shown by the unique method he has devised of carrying absorbent cotton.

Poor, a man of poetical mind, from Massachusetts, became suddenly alarmed one night at 1 a.m., and sent to the hospital for a doctor. When the doctor arrived he discovered that what the Poor man thought was a consolidated lung was only liver dullness.

This was the year we went to Blockley for extra work in pathology. We got extra work in pathology at home, and, in fact, when there was a vacant half hour on our roster, pathology relieved the embarrassment. Most of us stopped eating. Many never slept except in lectures. Pilling describes the condition as an epidemic disease as follows:

"Definition: Pathology is a chronic, non-infectious disease of three—sometimes four—years' duration; characterized by imagination, contradictions and a tendency to swearing.

"Synonyms: 'Coplinitis,' Virchow's Disease, Projectomania and Third-Year Fever.

"Etiology: Occurs usually during the months from October to May in young adult males between the ages of eighteen and thirty. Ambition and \$150.00 are said to predispose."

In 1876 a red-headed Russian, Von Tschigovinitski, isolated an organism which he thought was "it." It would not grow on agar or blood serum, but grew well on carrots and sour goldfish. This culture, when injected into

man, produced a pleasant expression and symptoms of happiness, which proved conclusively it was not the "it."

"Period of incubation: One year.

"Symptoms: The disease is sudden in onset, beginning with lectures of the recurrent type, the paroxysms occurring twice weekly and lasting from fifty-five minutes to one hour. During the course of the disease laboratoritis occurs, lasting six weeks, and add greatly to the misery of the patient.

"The patient's mind becomes befuddled; there is picking at the note-books, subsultus sternum, and coma lectures. From this the patient passes into a stage somewhat resembling that of one infected with the diplococcus of anticipation.

"The crisis is a stage the picture of which no artist can paint.

"In some one attack renders absolute immunity; in others it predisposes to another attack.

"Prognosis: Favorable if the patient begins treatment early.

"Mortality: Twenty-five to thirty per cent.

"Diagnosis: The direct diagnosis depends upon an epidemic, the sudden onset, swearing, coma lectures, cold feet and the characteristic facies pathologique.

"Treatment: Isolation, especially at night; a minimum dose of sleep and no food except in concentrated form and swallowed rapidly. Recitations, magic lanterns, biographs and formalin preserves are useful. A plug of tobacco and ale sometimes gives relief.

"External use of text-books is useless; tends to aggravate the delirium."

Howell met the crisis of this disease heroically. In the examination Professor Coplin asked him how he was getting along. Howell answered: "I'm doing like the cowboy." "How's that?" said the professor. The reply was prompt: "He did his d—dest."

Saur developed twenty-three new diseases during the month of April. He was examined and treated by all the prominent physicians in the city. One evening he showed me eight letters, all addressed in the same handwriting and in blue envelopes, and he had received all of them in one week. That was enough to give any one heart disease. Shortly after college closed we received an announcement of Saur's wedding. Farewell to pathology, laboratory work, "and all that sort of thing."

Senior Year

Here we entered the ring for the last round.

Never before in the history of the college was the Senior Class so large. An exceptionally small number failed to advance from the Junior year.

One hundred and fifteen of the original one hundred and eighty-five were still in rank.

From the laboratories we came to advanced clinical teaching; we were taken to the bedside to actually see and appreciate the conditions of which we had learned in lectures and text-books. The practical replaced largely theoretical demonstrations.

This year has been a most eventful one, but we are limited to a brief record.

Our final political game was played with much vigor, yet with unparalleled harmony and dispatch.

In one evening the entire number of class and class-day officers were elected in the most precise and orderly manner.

The final ballot showed the following men elected:

Class Officers—President, B. E. Goodman; vice-president, J. A. Reidy; secretary, J. H. Corwin; treasurer, H. A. Schaffer.

Class-day Officers—Orator, T. C. Stellwagen, Jr.; poet, W. H. Tomlinson; prophet, C. R. Larkins; historian, W. F. Manges; presenter, G. P. Pilling, Jr.

President Goodman then blew himself for the cigars to the class, and every one who didn't smoke had a friend who did.

After the election a number of the victors, vanquished, and a goodly portion of the Y. M. C. A. boys proceeded to celebrate. Laidlaw's promiscuous laying on of hands and Eisenhower's exceeding attractiveness were features of the occasion.

Meals was unusually jolly and had prepared to give Roberts a few hints on the legal aspect of a medical student's life.

We have with us a freak of nature, known as "Aguinaldo" Scott. He came to us fresh from the Philippines. While there he spent most of his time doing missionary work "a la diable." He can say more cuss words in a minute than a phonograph can record. Scott was the prime captor of Aguinaldo, hence his name.



In strong contrast appears our modest friend Saxton. He is about to receive two degrees, one M.D., the other I.L.L., which means "Interpreter of the Life Line." Madame Zita is his favorite authority on palmistry and fortune telling. At present he is willing to read the ladies' palms free of charge.

Gilmore is an absent-minded fellow. He forgot his pocketbook one night, but Isabelle was kind enough to send it to him.

Stellwagen, Patterson, and Smith, "the bandmaster," entered into a singular agreement. It was that each one should undergo a similar surgical operation or provide a dinner for six at Green's. One by one they experienced the practical value of local anæsthetics, the discomfort of a tight bandage and the inefficiency of the ice bag and bromides to limit inflammation and relieve pain.

Many scientific facts have been discovered by members of this class.

Schenck tells us that oleoresin of malefern is sometimes indicated for the reduction of an inordinate appetite. It has a tendency to relieve the irksome "red tape" of boarding on the European plan.

Brown informs us that cream is obtained by boiling milk.

Baines has discovered that Epsom salt is soluble in water.

Ullman and Ward claim that medical students are not predisposed to "ischial bursitis" if they always occupy the front seats in lecture.

King contributes to the prophylactic treatment of "plague" by embalming, cremating and burying the body of a person dead of this disease. He adds that it would be well to treat a mother-in-law in the same manner. Take no chances.

Monroe gives a classical description of the disease, "Acute Osculation," by the laity called "kissing."

"Definition: Kissing is an acute contagious, pandemic disease, characterized by frequent recurrences and marked nervous manifestations.

"It is most common in young adults between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. Pretty young girls are liable to attacks, but their susceptibility decreases with advancing years, and they are practically immune after thirty-five.

"The onset is usually sudden, with rapid pulse, flushing of the face, nervousness, and retraction of the head. The lips present a characteristic puckering. On auscultation a distinct smacking rale is heard.

"Complications: Fever blisters are marked in many cases, and "Goq• Goo eyes" have been noticed.

"Prognosis: For immediate attack it is good. A permanent cure is not often effected.

"Treatment: Avoid all cosmetics, novel reading and cozy corners.

"Of the drugs recommended, tobacco and chewing gum are useful.

"The most efficient treatment is to take one onion after each meal and at 8.30 p.m."

Now we will tell you of an incident. On a Thursday night, after a banquet given by one of the college societies, six young men, stimulated by a square meal, decided to have some innocent fun. While walking along the street they saw a barrel of ashes standing on the curb, and thought it would be huge sport to see which one could kick the barrel over. The ashes were soon well spread on the street. Instantly there came a shrill sound, and almost as quickly there appeared eight huge "cops."

Of course the boys volunteered to pick up the ashes, even though they had to do such work in full dress with their hands as shovels. Wouldn't you like to have a flash-light photo of this performance? You will hear more of this famous "ash gang."

This story must soon end, but there are yet a few words of importance.

During the four years we have been blessed and benefited by that most kindly band, "The Ladies' Auxiliary Committee." They have constantly improved the college library, which has been of so much service to us, and from time to time they have afforded us a pleasant evening to a tea or a theater benefit.

Bless these dear ladies! We thank them from the bottoms of our hearts!

One of the most pleasant reminiscences of our college days will always be the charity toward us shown by Prof. Montgomery and his household.

Every Saturday evening his house was open to a section of the class, so that during this year each man had the opportunity on three occasions to go and participate in the professor's gynecological seances, partake of Mrs. Montgomery's delightful lunches, and enjoy the good cheer and wholesome influence of an ideal home. To this household, and the charming ladies who helped entertain us on these occasions, we wish to express most sincere gratitude.

The last four years have seemed but a brief space of time; sufficient, however, to lay the foundation on which we hope to erect a superstructure befitting the interest shown, the efforts expended, and the examples set by our beloved master builders.

On the morrow we will meet to "Lay the Cornerstone."

We ask you, dear people, to rejoice with us on this occasion, and heartily solicit your encouragement and interest in our efforts to build a worthy edifice.

My classmates, if these lines will aid you in future years to recall the pleasures of your college days, then they will have been written with good purpose.

As a class our past is pleasant to look upon. Let us be sincere in the practice of our profession, and prove ourselves "to be worthy to serve the suffering."



The Æsclepiadæ—A Heritage



HE God of Medicine, so runs the tale
(A story told in Greek mythology),
Was Æsculapius; within the pale
Of all-wise Greece, none were more wise than he.
Son of Apollo, God of Life and Light,
And of the nymph Coronis, from these two
Were gifts inherited and rare insight
Such as no other in the whole world knew.

On Epidaurus, where her green hills cross,
He built his temples and achieved his fame,
For from the mainland and the Isle of Cos,
By journeys long, the suffering people came
And there were cured of pain and ache and ill
By simple remedy or magic spell,
Each made to serve alike a master will
That bade the sick arise and be made well.

But Æsculapius was not alone
In his good work of curing human ills,
For woman e'er has shared the hut or throne
Where work of love the law of life fulfills:
Two daughters fair were his, and sweeter maids
Ne'er parent had—his hope, his joy, his pride
Were centered there—and they, his faithful aids,
Watched o'er his sick, and sought naught else beside.

Unto the temple, from the low swamp-land,
Was brought a man whose hot and sunken face
Bespoke the ravage of a ruthless hand
That scourged the people in that hapless place:
The elder, Panacea, soothed his pain
And smoothed the pillow for his aching head;
Her very presence brought new hope again
To that racked frame upon the fevered bed.

Her touch was cool and light, her voice as sweet
As tinkling music to the sick man's ear—
No acts of ministry were e'er so meet,
And all the country held her presence dear;
But vain the nursing to assuage his pains,
Or drugs and potions Æsculapius gave;
The fiery fever had so filled his veins
That naught could save him from the yawning grave.

But young Hygeia heard the sick man's moan,
Saw his weak form, his fast-receding breath,
And in that moment unto her were shown
What measures might have stayed his coming death;
Forth into all the land Hygeia went
And taught the art of living, and the stress
Of all that teaching to disease prevent
Was personal and public cleanliness.

And now the sons of Æsculapius
Must in our tale appear in honored part;
Machaon and brave Podalirius
Were skilled in knowledge of the healing art.
These brothers lived in closest unison
And won esteem and each an honored name,
Attending jointly on each wounded one
Who sought the skill that brought them wealth and fame.

They were the fathers of our surgery,
And for the arrow and the spear-head sought;
Or stanch'd the red blood, flowing full and free,
By styptic lotion or by compress brought;
On bruise and wound a soothing ointment laid,
And gave the potion that found favor, when
From out the quiv'ring flesh was drawn the blade
That oft sought eagerly the lives of men.

When Podalirius from Troy returned,
A tempest cast him on a foreign isle,
And here a shepherd of his presence learned
And gave him hospitality; the while
He told Damœtas, then the reigning king,
Who had a daughter Syrna who was ill,
That unto her the healer he would bring
To try his wondrous power and his skill.

When Podalirius first Syrna saw
His heart in pity to his charge he gave,
For Æsculapius proclaimed no law
To meet this crisis and to help him save;
Forth from his belt a lancet then he drew
And plunged it deftly, and those white arms fair
Gave from their veins a gushing stream that grew
To purplish tide, upon the cov'rlet there.

But Syrna's life was saved, and loud the praise
Damœtas gave to him who dared employ
Such measure bold as this, and thus to raise
His dying daughter—and the great king's joy
Was so complete he gave the maiden's hand
To Podalirius, and the marriage vow
Was said 'mid pomp and splendor in that land
Which did with plenty the fair bride endow.

O Æsculapius, the good and wise,
First great physician to an erring race!
The heritage thou gavest still we prize
Who fain from thee would our own lineage trace!
Still is there sickness, still the need for men
Skilled in the knowledge that thou didst impart;
As when from city, and from hill and glen,
The men of old did homage to thy art!

O Panacea, daughter good and fair,
What were the world without thy ministry!
Still do thy hand-maids lift the load of care
That binds the sick man, ere death sets him free;
In hospital of peace, in camp of war,
In pestilence that awes and fills with dread;
Where duty beckons, there they were, and are,
And ever will be, till the world is dead!

O thou Hygeia, greatest one of all!
Still do thy precepts find their work and place;
The words of wisdom that thy lips let fall
Have proved a blessing to each age and race!
Thy teachings change the world, the era new
Forsakes past error for thy better way,
And plague and pestilence have passed from view
Where yesterday their dead in thousands lay.

The centuries roll on, and here and now
We own allegiance to no god save One;
Gone are the temples and each rite and vow
That marked the dawning of a world begun:
The hooded priests who guarded well the door
By which might enter there the halt and maimed
Unto the presence that should health restore,
Have passed from earth, to be no more reclaimed;

The room within where once the image stood
'Mid symbols strange that awed the raptured mind,
Fast holding in its hand the staff of wood
Round which the wide-mouthed, hissing serpent twined;
The skin-robed couch whereon the sufferer slept
And breathed in incense, and in vision saw
What herbs to use, what fast-days must be kept
To do the bidding of the great god's law;

The sacred grove hard by, where prayers were said,
Where each one tarried by the sparkling well
And found new hope and strength, and firmer tread,
Were his who followed as the priests should tell,—
All these have passed away and left no trace
In history, save one, that there have been
Temple and priest and image in that place,
And wonders wrought among the lives of men:

The votive tablets on the temple walls,
Graven in stone, Time's hand could not efface
Ere priestly wanderers in those stately halls
Had marked the carving on each block and space,
And found each tablet, with its wondrous scroll,
To be the record of some sick man's cure—
(The first case-taking—we its worth extol
And marvel not that it should so endure.)

Then follow century on century
And still both cause and treatment of disease
Were shrouded round with doubt and mystery,
And he who studies this long period sees
Philosophy and knowledge rudely cast
Into one mold with cant and selfish creed,
And this admixture in life's vortex vast,
Has left scant record of its thought and deed.

The cause of all disease the Greeks believed
To be the anger of some vengeful god
And hence the place where it might be relieved
Was in the temples, 'neath the priestly rod:
So priest and oracle and mystic sign
Were sought to conquer and to drive away
The evil spirit from its foul design
Upon the tenant of the house of clay.

The teachings of the craft were handed down
At Cos, at Cnidos and at Rhodes, and both
Secure and fast, they who wore cap and gown
Were pledged to keep them, by the sacred oath.
Down this long line of priestly healers then
We trace the future of our art to be
From its beginning to the era when
Are known no more the Asclepiadæ.

Upon the Isle of Cos, one natal morn,
Four hundred years before Christ came to earth,
Of Æsculapian descent, was born
He who gave Medicine, the Science, birth.
What matter now what men have gone before—
What sacrifices would the gods appease—
All history proclaims him o'er and o'er,
Father of Medicine, Hippocrates!

He found a healing art wrapped round about
With mystic symbol and with prayer and sign,
All brought that priest and oracle make out
The hidden meaning of each word and line;
Philosophy, religion and some skill
In medicine, were helpless 'neath the spell
Of superstition, and his thought and will
Broke through and conquered, and traditions fell.

He left behind a science, set apart,
Alone and single, with one end and aim;
For with discernment keen and with stout heart
He taught that sickness from no spirit came—
No god in anger sends some demon sprite
To torture—but disease springs from just cause
That shall be plain to him who reads aright
The ways and workings of God's natural laws.

His was the time of Socrates and there
Thucydides lived, and Herodotus;
Of Plato, Pindar, Phidias, names that bear
From ancient Greece its learning down to us:
Greece was the first in sculpture and in art,
The true exponent of philosophy;
Her literature and science still are part
Of all true wisdom, and will ever be.

In such array of knowledge it were meet
That our great science should receive just due;
That age of wonder had not been complete
If there were no Hippocrates, to do
For medicine what other men had done
In other fields. Oh, can we praise him more
Than but to say that when his course was run
The reign of mystic medicine was o'er!

O Æsculapius, thou wert a god!
And they who followed—Asclepiadæ,
Who worshiped still thy serpent and thy rod,
All have their places in our history.
Thy votive tablets with their records clear
Were the foundation of our knowledge, through
Hippocrates—that genius without peer
Who did so much—yet left so much to do.

And now the tale is told: Two thousand years
Old Father Time has counted since that day;
Now, as the hour of our adoption nears—
So soon the mantles fall—let footsteps stay,
And thoughts that have run riot with glad pride
In modern medicine, which we shall share,
Turn but a moment back and view that wide
Expanse of time, and silent tribute bear.



The Asclepiadæ—A Heritage.

This poem is dedicated to the Class of 1903 of Jefferson Medical College,
by the Class Poet,

WILLIAM HIBBS TOMLINSON.

Class Prophecy, 1903

BY CLYDE RAYMOND LARKINS.

Mr. President, Class Day Committee and Officers and Friends:



OETS are born, not made." Orators are born, not made. Historians are born and not made. In olden times, prophets were born; to-day they are made in the class room. To be born a prophet is one thing; to be made one by fellow mortals is a distinction, associated with several difficult propositions.

The first prophecy that the classroom foreteller-of-future-events is called upon to make is his own: "Shall I be around on Class Day to prophesy?" Another worrisome question arises: "Will the men whose futures are to be revealed be around? Will they begin their ascent of the mountain of professional fame on Class Day or—one year hence? One fact that is riveted on the mind of every fourth-year medical student is that the faculty (bless their hearts!) have the peculiar power of transforming the hopeful make-up of an aspiring Senior into a condition resembling thirty cents in Canadian money.

One of the pleasant propositions against which one holding my office is staked is to experience the mysterious proceedings through which one is allowed to peer into the future of those whose welfare is dear to him. But how to gain this experience I knew not.

Perusing old class books helped me little. On questioning the men as to their future plans, I gained from the majority about as much information as if I interviewed a mummy. Only a few volunteered to tell the secret of their future life.

To prophesy I was called; to prophesy I determined to do. Could a fortune-teller or a medium help me out?

The advertisement columns of the daily papers made mention of several fortune-tellers, who claimed the ability of doing all sorts of queer stunts. Queer stunts was just what I was looking for; so one night, after Dr. Kalteyer's recitation, I wandered up to a house and asked for Mr. Fortune Teller. I stated my case, listened, paid a dollar, and learned nothing. I called on another and got no satisfaction. After a walk of five squares I reached the house of another, and after having listened to a story to the effect that Tomlinson and Winship were going into partnership after graduation, I resolved that he, too, was a fake.

My faith in fortune-tellers began to wane from that moment. The results of visits to several others convinced me that there was nothing in it.

Back to the Fraternity house I tramped. A low light in our room told me that Sewell, my room mate, was out (either up at the Woman's Medical College or out at Bryn Mawr), and I decided to wait for him in the reception room. The room was quiet and dark. The log fire in the grate was nearly out. Only an occasional glow of an ember showed that it still had life. It was like a man gasping his last breath. It seemed to call forth pity. It was crying for help. I fed it with a couple of logs and sat down close by to watch it. It rustled a little at first, and then became quiet. Had I choked it? Was it out? No! A slight crackle over in one corner told me that it still lived. A wee blaze shot up; another here, and another there; now all is ablaze. I leaned back in my chair and watched the flames dancing with delight at the revival of its life. I was tired, discouraged and sleepy. As I watched the fire and felt it give up its heat to me, it seemed to say: "You're tired. Go to sleep, my boy. I'll take care of you. You did me a good turn; let me do something for you. I can tell you something you want to know. Take a little nap, and when I am ready for you, I'll wake you up."

My head began to nod and I fell asleep. Just how long I slept is a question. Suddenly I awoke with a start. The logs had almost burned out and had broken and fallen with a thump. The fire had kept part of its promise; for the other part I waited eagerly.

The smoke was arising from the logs in thick clouds. As I watched this it seemed at one point to become clearer.

I watched on. Finally I fancied seeing the outline of a house. "It is a house! There are the windows; the doors. The outline grows clearer and clearer. There is a name-plate on the window-sill. Is it that of a dressmaker, caterer, dentist or boarding? What is that I read? Why, it's Dr. Stellwagen!"

Buckets of joy! The fire had kept the other part of its promise.

Dr. Stellwagen's house! It wasn't a two-story house. O no! A fine, large, American, Philadelphia, four-story, Walnut Street house.

"May I see inside the house?" I said to the fire.

"Certainly, my boy; certainly!"

The house image passed away and slowly there appeared a waiting room, an office and an operating room. The floor of the operating room was paved with bone plates removed from skulls by Stellwagen's Magic Trephine. The waiting room was filled with Hebrew lawyers, agents for apple jack distilleries and ash collectors. The office was papered with hundred-dollar bills. Tom was sitting at his desk sleeping. I did not speak for fear of waking him.

Gradually the picture faded, and then there appeared the manly form of Dr. Henry Urban North, in the act of being "held up" by a foot pad. The foot pad's face wore a look of contempt and disappointment. There was nothing in North's clothes but seven cents and a few "Philadelphia Medical Journal" subscription blanks. For once North was glad that he had left everything at home. Again the picture faded. Again it grew brighter, and began to scin-

tillate. This time the vision was in the form of a biograph, and North is seen leaving his office and walking up the street to see a patient.

He enters the house and proceeds to the patient's room. He decides to take the patient's temperature, and reaches for his thermometer. He has left it at home. He reaches for the patient's pulse; at the same time fishes for his watch. He has left his watch at home, so he uses the mantle clock. He is about to write a prescription, and does so on an old paper bag with the patient's pen and ink. He has left his prescription blanks and fountain pen at home..

He thinks a smoke is in order and stands a cigar dealer "off" for it. His money is in his other clothes. He meanders up the street and walks by the grocery store wherein he was to have bought a half dozen eggs. He arrives home and rings his door bell. He has left his keys in the same clothes with his money.

The door opens. Dr. North explains why he rang the bell. The door closes and the picture fades.

An ember spits forth a spark, followed by a cloud of smoke, and another form is revealed, only too well recognized as John C. Loper, Democrat and obstetrician, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, whose attacks of Nostalgia, or homesickness, predisposed by a desire to see his parents and others, would occur with clock-like regularity, beginning early in and reaching the climax the later part of the week, when John would pack his grip and start for the land, whose fame as the home of the decidedly active Jersey mosquito is worldwide.

The Prophet is pleased to report Loper doing a nice practice on West Commerce Street. His having served as an assistant to Sewall on several South Street cases has helped him many times in arriving at a correct diagnosis in some of his more difficult cases. O yes! John is married.

Next to be recognized was Norman William Neptune. He was the busy man of the class, a typical book agent, but not on the installment plan. He could at all times be found in the college building with a supply of medical books, which were his specialty, though he carried a side line, consisting of medical and obstetrical bags, drugs and pocket cases. In fact, Neptune sold most anything except diplomas.

He will go back to Ohio, hang out his shingle, and be sole agent for a book entitled "How a Doctor Can Collect His Fee," the author of which is David Major Bell.

The next image I saw was that of a large house in Worcester, Massachusetts. The scene resembled a run on a bank. There were at least a hundred persons lined up. Policemen were stationed here and there to preserve order. More people arrived. The later arrivals approached those at the head of the line and offered all kinds of money to exchange places with them. One by one the waiting individuals were admitted. The policemen at the door were nearly exhausted holding back the crowd. One late arrival tried to push his way into the head of the line and a general riot followed. They surged and pushed and struck at each other with umbrellas and canes. Finally, when the policemen,

with uplifted clubs and drawn revolvers, failed to restore order, the door opened, and the never-to-be-forgotten form of Dr. Michael Joseph O'Neil appeared.

Dr. O'Neil looked to the right and then to the left, and, with uplifted hand, said: "What do you mean? What do you mean by playing rough-house in my front yard?"

The crowd stood silent, frozen, petrified. "Line up or I'll raise the price on you," said O'Neil. As they lined up the illusion disappeared.

Next passing into view was the emaciated but easily recognized form of James Hayes Swan. Although a quiet man, Swan became well known as a promoter of religious gatherings for medical students. He will join the army of missionaries and dispense to suffering heathen "Dill's Balm of Life."

Again the mind's eye of the Prophet is directed to a familiar form. This time Hixson. He never had any other name, just plain Hixson, from the Buckeye State, always ready to "pass up" some one. May he not be so willing to pass his patients up. Much is expected of Hickson, for did he not "take histories" in the out-patient medical department for two weeks? To use the words of George Ade, he will get plenty of the "long green."

Once more did the burning logs respond to the Prophet's wishes, and now gliding into view is our old friend Harold Hayes Crane, late of Bucksport, Maine. This beautiful village is on the map, and can be reached by train each day at 4.20 p.m. At least, Hal says so.

After a term of service as resident in the Eastern Maine General Hospital at Bangor, he will take unto himself a wife to share his joys and sorrows (mostly the latter), open an office in Boston, and become famous as a diagnostician. The wise look that Hal masks his true self with will help him very materially.

Now the Prophet is pleased to look in upon Hudson & Blankemeyer, situated in an office on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City. The walls of the waiting room were a mass of beautifully-framed photographs of young ladies, mostly in nurse's costumes.

Henry & Harry make a specialty of orthopedics, the Lorenz operation being their "long suit." The experience they had with kittens is to a great degree instrumental in the success that will attend their efforts.

Hudson now boasts of a real moustache, in contradistinction to the weak, struggling affair it was during his career as a Senior, even though he used several bottles of Howell's hair restorative.

The last scene passed from view, to be replaced by another equally as interesting in the personage of Howard S. Smith, D.D.S., M.D., a man of many merited titles—Tooth Carpenter, Cornetist, Bass Singer, Band Leader and Doctor. As a dentist he was a man of no mean ability. His methods of local anæsthesia, in the form of a suspicious-looking fluid, which was administered quite freely, brought him many desirable (?) patients, among whom were Logan, Hazlett and McCormick. If there was anything Smith liked better than

cornet solos it was organizing brass bands, with a fondness for taking up collections for "the band" that was akin to an acute mania. However, to do Smith justice, he will look well in a "West Penn" Hospital suit, and it will do credit to his shape.

The only Abraham Joseph Cohen, one of the original Cohens, and not one of the four Cohens, is the next to appear. He was a chronic sufferer of the Rip Van Winkle fever, attacks of which were excited by lectures, when he would pass into a condition resembling blissful slumber, and remain in this state during the entire lecture, and regain consciousness only at the termination of the discourse, when he would sit up, rub his eyes, yawn and then remark: "That was a fine lecture, fellows." Despite this, he was a hard student, and found time for his political duties. His success as an obstetrician is assured, and in this line he will find time to sleep.

William McEwen Edwards, known as "Bill" to all the class. This individual hails from Wisconsin, is one of our strawberry blondes, was business manager of the class book, and all-round good fellow, and a dead game sport. Bill will present a striking figure, driving a white horse over Wisconsin roads, and will be known as the red-headed doctor with the white horse.

As the smoke curled heavenward the Prophet could see revealed in the darkest corners of the chimney the beautiful and picturesque Bryn Mawr, and as the different college buildings faded from view the gaze of the Prophet was attracted by a long row of cabs and coupes standing in front of a magnificent residence, apparently the scene of some festivities. On close inspection the mansion was found to be 1422 Christian Street. On the door plate was the well-known name of Millard Freeman Sewall. After a cloud of smoke cleared away, behold! I could distinguish, quite plainly, a jolly crowd of Bryn Mawr girls. Then it was all plain to me. They were enjoying, as only Bryn Mawr girls can, one of Sewall's afternoon chocolate teas that had made him popular as a student and celebrated as a host. On seeking further information, I was told with what regularity these teas were given, and to be present at one of these affairs was equal to being in on the "ground floor" so far as the "Four hundred" was concerned. So much time was occupied in talking golf, pink teas, and ping pong that the Prophet failed to learn more than that Sewall, as a splasher of tea and a juggler of lady fingers, was a success.

Stoddard Summers Berg, of Northumberland, Pa., is a veteran of "'98," having seen actual (?) service as a bugler in one of Uncle Sam's regiments at Tampa, Florida, where he became a general favorite among the ladies, and, since taking up medicine, still retains that weakness for the fair sex, which, during the last four years was demonstrated by his frequent visits to one of the large department stores. He had a variety of variously-colored hose that was second only to Foster's supply. However, he was a thorough good fellow, an attentive student, and will make a good general practitioner and a model husband.

Next is Ira B. Whitehead, Chemist, Doctor, Masseuse, and devotee of the

Y. M. C. A. Ira assisted in the chemical laboratory the first two years of his course at Jefferson, during which time he greatly aided Dr. Jacob's efforts to Keep order (?). On the completion of his service, Dr. Jacobs, out of the goodness of his heart, conferred upon him the degree B.F., which literally means "Bottle Filler." Whitehead will spend much of his future time in the endeavor to ascertain whether or not a more acceptable antidote than alcohol can be found to carbolic acid.

The distinguished Ferdinand Frederick Fledderjohann now passes into view. He is a decidedly mild-mannered man. The brightest thing in our class was Frederick's head after he shaved it in order to restore his silken locks. The Prophet would suggest a course of Madame Yale's Lectures, or, perhaps, better still, a wig. Fledderjohann will go back to St. Mary's, Ohio, hang out his shingle, become a good physician and valuable citizen.

George Hay, of Johnstown, and Charley Rittenhouse Heed, of Philadelphia, are the two pretty boys of the class. It was at one time said they were so particular that they would not permit their collars and cuffs to be washed in Schuylkill water.

Hay's time will be fully occupied in attending to his practice, brushing his clothes and arranging his hair.

Heed's middle name, Rittenhouse, will be the means of his captivating some rich young damsel whom he will marry. His life will be one of ease and luxury.

Next to be interviewed by the Prophet was a tall, dark-haired young man with a foreign-missionary-like movement and a bicycle shape. This gentleman was no other than Lawrence DeHaven Smith, and he insists that his last name is spelled with a capital letter. He is a native of Delaware, though he guarded this fact as a secret for the last four years. Smith is usually a very quiet fellow, except near examination time, when he would become very much excited and quite busy, burning much "midnight oil."

Lawrence is conscientious and unassuming. He will make an ideal family doctor, whose treatment will be "symtomatic and expectant," with Hudson's unfermented grape juice as a general tonic.

As a flame burst forth the scene was lost. The Prophet sat musing a moment, and then he was pleased to look upon one Raymond Anson Moser, he with a spastic gait and late of Temple College, whose dexterity as an operator and ability as a diagnostician in "palmer abscess," were exceeded only by his eagerness to assist in all operations in the P. O. R., which made him the pride of "Section F." His ever readiness with his treatment of "open, disinfect and drain," assures his success.

By this time the logs had almost ceased to smoke. There were but a few streaks arising here and there. "Am I to see no more?" I asked. "I could use another log," said the fire. "I am running out of smoke." I tossed another log on. In a few moments volumes of smoke were arising from it.

I beheld a picture that suggested a combination junk shop and zoological

garden on a small scale. It was a room in a West Philadelphia residence. The walls of the room were covered to the ceiling with book shelves, queer pictures, firearms and other scrap iron, war bonnets, bird nests and general junk. Prowling around the room were two Irish terriers, a great Dane, a bull dog and a coon cat. On the chandelier a South American monkey and a parrot were having an argument. In a chair, behind a big cigar, and holding a volume of Macaulay's essays in one hand, and a volume of Shakespeare in the other, sat the long, lean, lanky form of Josh Pilling. He had grown somewhat stouter—say a pound and a half. Some one opened the door and announced that some patients were awaiting him in his office. Josh laid his books aside, went down and treated the bunch to a story, and told them not to come back until they had seen the joke.

The logs were nearly burned out. Very little smoke was arising, and for a while no futures were revealed to me. I thought that I had seen the last. Suddenly, as if from a blow, the logs collapsed, and there arose a huge cloud of smoke, upon which there appeared a vision, which to me was the most delightful one in that panorama of imagination.

I beheld an immense banquet hall. Seated at the tables were the men who sit before you. There were some whose faces appeared just as you see them now. Here and there were those whose faces showed the results of laying the razor on the shelf. Several bald heads added to the brilliancy of the affair. The occasion was marked by speeches, jokes, experiences, and a general good time. I wondered what it could be. My attention was so fixed on the guests that I failed to see the decorations on the walls, until, on lifting my eyes, I saw streamers, flags and rosettes of "Black and Blue," and in large gold figures, 1903—1913.

It was our class reunion—our tenth anniversary. May this prophecy come true. May the daily lives of the members of the Class of 1903, from this time forward, be as happy as the happiest day ever we have lived.

Joy, sorrow, health, sickness, failure and success are destined to creep into the life of every man. Whatever you undertake to do, do it as best you can. You can do no more. But remember there is a time for work and a time for play.

If you feel the world pushing you, brace yourself. Don't let it get a start or it will push you to the cemetery. Take time to sleep, to eat and to laugh. You have a right to it. Laughing thaws out the frozen wrinkles of seriousness. "Be sincere, but don't be serious," and in parting let me repeat the words of the East Aurora Philosopher:

"Be sincere, but don't be serious. At the last nothing matters much. Mortals give things an importance quite beyond their gravity. We shall slide out of this life into another, and the day of our death, like the day of our birth, will be shrouded in forgetfulness. And if we do remember any of our trials and troubles, it will only be to smile that they should ever have caused us a pang."

Class Oration

THOMAS COOK STELLWAGEN, JR.

Revered Faculty, Ladies, Gentlemen and Fellow Classmates:



HIS day marks a time in our careers toward which, for the last four years, we have looked forward with the longing desire of student pilgrims. After a somewhat anxious and tempestuous voyage, we are about to debark upon the shore of the promised land. The fleeting hours mark the eve of our entrance into the great fraternity of Medicine.

We are assembled to express our devotion, and attempt an act of justice to the name and fame of an institution whose career as a fountain of learning dates back nearly four score years. The noble precepts taught her students and sons in the infancy of their careers have spurred them on to glorious deeds, contemplation of which transports our thoughts and invites comparison to the times when medical education was yet an infant exotic in this Alexandria of the New World, Philadelphia. The pages of the history of medicine in this City of Brotherly Love attest the vast amount of work Jefferson has done toward placing medical teaching upon a plane that is equaled in but few other cities either at home or abroad. How well, how nobly, how magnificently has she performed her important share of the work which has placed the science of the healing art in the very foremost rank of the learned professions of the world!

So, classmen, we must not suffer that trust to be depreciated which, ere time records the flight of another day, she will endow upon us. Hallow the rights conferred by that diploma and cherish them as we would our moral life's blood, remembering that in so much as we respect our noble calling so will the generations to come revere and honor our names.

The morrow we anticipate will be an epoch second only to our natal day, for then we will be born to a new and grave responsibility. This grand profession of Medicine was hallowed even when ancient Rome was in her swaddling clothes. The names of Chiron, and his pupil Æsculapius, are no less immortal because their origins are so enshrouded in the mists of mythology as to be indiscernible. For nearly twenty-five centuries civilization has paid cheerful homage to the glory of Hippocrates, the Nestor of scientific medicine, to whom mankind owes an irredeemable debt of gratitude. Let us follow his teachings that we may avoid temptation to descend to the slimy depths of Thersites, who,

according to the Iliad, must have been the braggart originator of quackery. May we remember that solemn oath of Hippocrates, which to the heart of the honest physician is second only to his duty to his God, and by which we promise fealty and respect to our profession and mankind. The mission in life which the doctor is called upon to fill is a holy one, which of necessity requires the most varied learning and ability, with the skill to put these to use. He cannot, like the jurist, take time to study and consider many of the problems which he is called upon to solve, but must have his knowledge of disease and treatment ever ready to enable and direct his efforts to fight off the grim monster death.

It was not the idea of gain that brought us to this shrine of wisdom. There are other callings in life where the shekels are more numerous and more easily acquired. Naturally the mercenary think us gone wrong or masquerading. They cannot appreciate nor experience the love and esteem which the doctor receives from the sick and distressed, or their views would quickly undergo reformation.

This learned profession can boast of sons who have gladly laid down their lives, not in the mad rush for money or for personal greed or gain, or the clash of contending armies, but calmly and deliberately that their brothers might enjoy the fruits of their learning and through their use escape from suffering. How few of the men of other professions are working amidst such filth and squalor or in remote savage lands, enduring the hardships of campaigns and danger of death, ostracising themselves from all other pleasures that they may lighten humanity's burden. The eminently celebrated John Hunter, the famous leading surgeon of London, in the zenith of his glory, that his fellow colleagues might better stay its inroads upon human kind, inoculated himself with the virus of the curse of the times, which subsequently was responsible for his death. It would seem that such devotion and singleness of purpose is rare, but this is only one of many instances of the self-sacrifices that stand recorded in the history of our profession. It was not the acquirement of riches nor the glamour of fame that spurred them on, but that innate desire to alleviate the sufferings of mankind and assist Dame Nature to stamp out that dragon hydra disease that preys upon both civilized and savage. Its members are constantly striving to eliminate that which furnishes them with occupation and makes them a necessity to a community.

Such is the animus of the medical profession. May this not be emphasized as purest honesty of purpose and devotion to the cause of charity?

But few of this assemblage, unless of kin to us, can realize to what straits many of our noble fellows have been put. They and their loved ones at home have denied themselves, in some instances, many of the very necessities of life that they might drink at the wells of knowledge and study the wonderful Arcana of nature. Mayhap there will arise among them a genius, such as Gross, Mütter or Pancoast. Who knows but that a widowed mother has mortgaged her farm or her house to raise the necessary funds for the education of her offspring that he may be a credit and comfort to her, and do honor to his family and his blood?

This is Americanism, and likewise Jeffersonism. Realize in its fullness the task before us, and when enrolled as sons of our fostering mother, give her and her noble faculty, in return for their labors over us, ample additional cause for the pride she so justly feels in her Keen, DaCosta and Hearn. What a feeling of satisfaction will fill our hearts when we as physicians at eve recall the deeds of the day, having administered to the crippled child, or the aged mother, or, as it may be, the soothing of the pathway of some disease-racked soul to the great hereafter. Where may one seek more righteous cause for pride than the ushering of new-born babes to our earthly existence, to hear their first lusty cries, which to the heart of the mother and to ours is the signal recording the admission of wee souls into this vast sea of life and activities?

We are termed medical students during our college careers, and practitioners after entering upon the duties of our profession. Correction of this deep-rooted idea of difference should be made. The Seventy-ninth Class of Jefferson will be graduated to-morrow as students, and remain always by their diligence worthy of the title. Those who follow the medical profession must be students forever. From every case the real physician and the true surgeon must draw a lesson. Perhaps a new point for observation arises, possibly only a confirmation of what has been previously familiar; but, in either instance, something worth knowing is to be learned. Here lies the great difference between the mere teaching of books and the knowledge which is the outcome of practical experience. To a vast but limited extent the need for book learning is appreciated, but the extension of personal experience is veritably unlimited when the modifications of conditions through the idiosyncrasies and individualities of patients are considered.

From a casual comparison of the teachings of medicine twenty years ago and that of to-day, one can but be impressed with the wonderful advances made, which in surgery alone fills volumes. Thirty years ago how few surgeons made abdominal sections, even when driven to attempt it by the dire necessities of accident or imminent death. This is not the situation now. Laparotomy is not performed with the fear and trembling of those days. The same holds true of internal medicine and her ally, therapeutics. Many now living can recall, when as youngsters, they were stuffed with vile, foul-smelling drugs. Fortunately, though, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his hand wherein he puts alms for oblivion," and in that wallet are many of the unsavory things of the past.

There are many reasons why, if we become members of the Alumni of Jefferson, we should exert ourselves to seek out the yet hidden wonders of the field of scientific medicine and surgery. Marion Sims, the Father of Gynecology in America, probably was more honored and sought for by his European contemporaries than any one man from our hemisphere. To pass without mention of him would be neglecting to do honor to one of the same old school's most illustrious sons. But the list would be lame and wanting indeed if we omit Professor Jacob DaCosta, an alumnus and later Professor of Prac-

tice of Medicine, whose ability as a diagnostician was recognized throughout the civilized world as author of the celebrated work upon "Physical Diagnosis."

Even as in the misty age of Hippocrates, the grand old profession was beset upon all sides by envious detractors and quacks, to-day she is barked at by the presuming yellow dogs. There is an expression among the laity that doctors never agree. Why should they be held up to ridicule when disagreements among the members of all the learned professions are the rule? Do lawyers agree? Do ministers of the Gospel agree? Then why Catholicism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, and the many other forms of belief? If the legal professional opinions were fixedly established, where would arise the necessity for our expensive Supreme Courts and numerous other tribunals, whose duty is to adjust the disagreements of the lower courts? We need feel no great chagrin at a charge which implies that thought and mental activity are productive of many-sided views.

Our profession, freed from the mysticism of a priesthood and the vulgar pretensions of a mercenary craft by its great father 700 years B. C., could well congratulate itself upon the laurels then won. That innate spirit to be up and doing so pervades her children that she, like Alexander, must seek new fields to conquer. Weeks rather than minutes should be required to recall her history of even the past fifty years, wherein the amount of good accomplished and the great benefits which have accrued to humanity may be gauged by the stamping out of such diseases as small pox, typhus and yellow fever, the plague and many other scourges, which in their day decimated London and other towns during the Middle Ages until the cry, "Bring out your dead!" was about the only signal of life in the deserted streets. Where now do we find the unfortunate victims of these dire diseases thrown into trenches much as the offal of some of our great cities is disposed of?

It might be well, further, to remind ourselves of the wonderful advances military surgery has made. When Britain and France were deep in the throes of the Napoleonic wars, and our own forefathers had but recently settled their disputes with Britain, surgery was rough even when ready, the mere shadow of what she is to-day, but nevertheless one of the most essential arms of the fighting element of a great nation, for that master of carnage, Napoleon, so well recognized the necessity for it that he said of Baron Larrey, "His presence was equal to another army corps, because the soldiers felt that their wounds would be looked after and their interests considered."

To the underclassmen we would only say we wish to greet you before leaving these portals, and in doing so we have nothing but words of good cheer to speak to you. We shall not assume that

"We, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin
Are weary thinking of your road."

Rather we would assure you that we regard with envy the pilgrimage before you, one in which weariness is forgotten in the absorbing interest of the route, and that we would gladly share with you your toils in order to be partakers in the enlightenment that is in store for you.

We seem to be at the dawn of great discoveries. The universe is not tottering. The globe is not yet ripe for its fall. The film of organic matter that mantles on a portion of its surface is not an exhausted ferment. The future offers possibilities which are infinite as the universe. And even though the discoveries we anticipate may not come during your college careers, we trust that we may share with you as fellows the great gains our Alma Mater has in store for all. It may not bring us the rewards most coveted by some in these days of exorbitant luxury—piles of jaundiced metal for ourselves, and bits of glistening carbon for our wives—but it will yield us an honest competency and the satisfaction of knowing that we have many times earned our wages in this world. It may not raise us to great political distinction, but it will reveal to us that obscurity with work well done is more precious than fame. Even the sad, and at times gruesome, conditions under which we must pursue disease will not rob our calling of its grandeur and its charms. Together we may move among the dolorous shades of sickness, and even become familiar with the pallid visages of death. We will see more of sorrow and anguish than other men, and yet we are not to be discouraged and to abandon our cause, but persevere ever to seek out the sick, the injured and the afflicted. By the very fatigues and hardships which we must overcome our appetites will be better whetted to enjoy the fruits of our labors and our sacrifices. Need and poverty often incite in man those most manly of all traits—honesty, faithfulness, charity and self-dependence.

We would recommend the many societies of our institution whose aim is to develop true manhood, and further to educate and train our minds to express our thoughts and ideas. They promote good fellowship, for in them we make those friends who in years to come will be as a balm to the suffering soul. Emerson says: "Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue is in us. What questions we ask of him! What an understanding we have! How few words are needed! It is the only real society."

It is most poetically expressed:

"He who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare;
And he who has one enemy,
Shall find him everywhere."

We trust, then, that your aim, and we can assure you that ours, will be to promote friendship and esteem among us all.

Gentlemen of the faculty, we recognize how impossible it is for us to add to the satisfaction and deserved contentment that you must feel in the contemplation of the completion and in the recognition of the conscientious and thorough manner in which you have discharged your very responsible duties as teachers and as professors in this noble institution. May the richest blessings that we humble neophytes can ask of Divine Providence be yours both here and hereafter. May we be permitted to ever bear testimony to your love, your self-sacrifice and your eminent ability.



Presentation Oration

GEORGE PLATT PILLING, JR.

Mr. President, Class Day Officers of all varieties, my Class, Dear Audience, Wives, Sweethearts and other Parasites (and the people going out):



THE time has come. The time has come. The Class Day Santa Claus is about to get busy. There are among you fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, who have, for four long, anxious years, been looking forward to the exercises of to-day, and especially of to-morrow. If my remarks should suggest to you the possibility of your boy's having misconducted himself, or, if you should imagine that the proceedings in certain cases were intended to humiliate or to carry with them a hidden meaning, believe me, to produce such impressions is far from my purpose. It will be necessary for me to occasionally infringe upon the offices of the Historian. I ask his pardon. Owing to the lack of time and the stinginess of our class treasurer, it will be impossible for me to "call up" each member of the class. Only the handsomest and rarest animals will be called upon. Look them over, and imagine what some of the ineligible ones must look like at close range. To give a didactic lecture on the method of conducting this performance, would be a waste of time. This is the day of practical teaching. I shall illustrate it by means of four horrible examples:

AMOS B. SCHNADER, WILLIS F. MANGES, HARRY ABRAHAM SCHAFFER,
SAMUEL MCKEEHAN HOWELL.

Gentlemen, to-morrow you will be launched upon a useful and an honorable career, if you choose to make it such. The gods of success favor him most who has ability, pluck and friends. The ladder of fame is a wiggly affair, and lucky is he who has friends to steady it for him. That you have this trio of virtues and will climb the ladder of fame we are sure. Your class cannot give you such a ladder. You must build one yourselves. But some day you may be called to a house of sickness, and as you enter the sick chamber you may not see the patient, and in reply to your inquiry, "Where is the patient?" you are informed that the suffering one is resting on the feathery heights of yonder old-fashioned bed. Suppose it were possible for your class to give you a ladder of fame. Could you use it in such a case? Of course not. We'll give you the real thing. (*Ladder for each.*)

Next we would like to see the ash men:

CORWIN, CARNEY, PLYMIRE, W. OTIS THOMPSON,
SENATOR THOMAS H. PLATT, JR., STELLWAGEN.

Behold the ash collectors! Hold out your hands, please. Gaze upon those twelve dainty lunch hooks. O those inconsiderate policemen! If they call for your hands again, play the ace of spades. (*Shovel for each.*)

EMIL SAUER, *the Grinning Dutchman, Peanuts.*

No use, girls, you can't have him, he's married. Just think what a prize you have missed. What a jewel he must be at home. Look at that smile. Could any one, in the wildest flight of imagination, fancy a more fitting ornament to a little home than Sauer's perpetual sardonic smile? Whether this grin came with him when he entered this world we do not know. He had it when he came to college. It has stayed with him throughout his four years. He wore it at lectures, quizzes and ward classes. The cause is unknown. It may be that there is some grin-producing alkaloid in peanuts. Sauer, his grin and peanuts is a constant combination. One did not need to look around a lecture room to see if Sauer was present. If the crackling of peanut shells was not heard one could be sure that Emil was not there. Sometimes the crackling of peanut shells was heard. That is, Sauer occasionally attended lectures. Really, he knows some of the professors by sight. He ought to know the entire Faculty. Emil, here are the reproductions from photographs of members of the Faculty. The name of each professor and his branch is printed under his likeness. Look them over. (*Phototypes of Faculty.*)

ROBERT BATTEN MERVINE, *the Gynecologist.*

At one of Dr. Montgomery's Saturday evening seances Mervine was booked to read a paper. He began by eulogizing the department of gynecology and confessing his deep interest in things gynecological. To prove his deep interest in the subject he plead guilty of never having missed a gynecological clinic since his freshman year. As he finished his opening remarks, he lifted his manly brow from the paper in hand and looked in the direction of Prof. Montgomery, to see what effect his little speech had made upon him. Horrors! Mercy! Dr. Montgomery was not there. He had left the room a few minutes before. He had gone to the dining room to feel the chicken salad's pulse and take the ice cream's temperature. Mervine's face was the picture of disappointment. Thirty heartless, grinning students, and Dr. Fisher, sang, "Go way back and sit down." Physician Mervine, considering your fondness for gynecology, and fearing that you may have the chance to show your ability before you are fully equipped with the necessary instruments for the work,

we beg to present you with a set of instruments. Also, we take pleasure in handing you a picture of the face that was missing. (*Old bag, old rusty gyn. instruments and picture of Dr. Montgomery.*)

WM. PUZEY ROBERTS.

Ah! Doctor! How d' do? Much oblig'd to meet you. Now, here's a chance for some fair maid. He's rather tall, fairly well built, stands well, excellent wind. Turn sidewise, Bill. Here's where he shows his oats. Somewhat classic, don't you think? Lovely hair. Cohen says it takes Puzey twenty minutes to "arrange it." Can you see his hands? Immaculate. Pull down your cuffs, Bill. He wouldn't touch anything dirty for all kinds of Mexican money. He spent his two years in the dissecting room without touching a cadaver. He used tweezers and wrapped paper around the tweezers. His book was somewhat soiled, and he turned the leaves with the tweezers. He washed his hands every five minutes. When he left the college at night he walked up Tenth Street smelling his fingers and making a terrible face. When he arrived at college in the morning, he was still smelling his hands and making a face. When Dr. Lorenz was performing his bloodless operation, I said, "Bill, that kind of surgery ought to suit you." "Yes," said Bill, "but I think he should wear rubber gloves, for the patient may not be cleanly. (*Pitcher, basin and towel.*)

Now for the Y. M. C. A. bunch:

TOMLINSON, NEPTUNE, SWAN, WHITEHEAD.

They drinketh and smoketh not, neither do they chew. During our freshman year a heathen member of the class thought Swan's Christian Endeavor badge was his initial monogram, and asked him if his name was "Charley Evans." The following week the heathen received an invitation to one of the Y. M. C. A.'s famous Saturday night ginger ale revival meetings.

But here, ladies and gentlemen, is the most remarkable animal that has ever been domesticated. His Latin name is *alba cephalus*: alba, white; cephalus, head—Whitehead. The most interesting feature in the study of this animal is that when he hears himself talk, he imagines he is learning something.

The next monstrosity is the book shark, Neptune. Neptune has a terrible cuss-word. Whenever nothing goes right, and everything happens, the hairs on the back of Nep's head "stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." His face becomes tied in a knot. He clenches his fist, brings his right foot down with a thump, at the same time emitting his terrible and original cuss-word: "O shoot."

Last, but not least, you behold Dr. Parkhurst Tomlinson, patron saint and guiding star of the Y. M. C. A., also president of the Keen Surgical Society, by divine right and one vote.

The chief feature of the Y. M. C. A. contingent, of which the members of

this quartet are living examples, is their anti-alcohol delusions. They, never having tasted of it, prescribed it, or watched its physiological effects from a scientific standpoint, are, of course, in a position to deny the fact that it is a stimulant. My dear white ribbon friends, take these mottoes, and here's something to keep you out of temptation. Go back to 322, hang the mottoes on the wall, and drink a toast with that kidney wash, but take care you don't drown.

<i>Rum is a Stimulant NOT! It is a poison!</i>	<i>Rum is a Curse. O Shoot!</i>	<i>The man that will drink rum will smoke. C. E.</i>	<i>Down with rum!</i>
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TOMLINSON.

NEPTUNE.

SWAN.

WHITEHEAD.

(Motto and gallon of water for each.)

A miser is one who has money and keeps it. He won't give any of it away under any circumstance. Of course, if anybody has money and gives it away—that is the last of it—he no longer has it. But this is not so of learning. One may have a wealth of learning, or one may have ever so little. If one has ever so little and gives it all away, he has just as much left, and at the same time has the satisfaction of having helped some one. Just what they call a man who, when asked for information, grins at you and absolutely refuses to impart the slightest bit of knowledge, who seems to live in daily fear that somebody will learn something from him—just what they call such a person, I cannot say. What does this mean? In other words, if you want to know anything and you think either DANA or the SPHINX possibly may know it, don't ask DANA; ask the SPHINX. Neither will tell you, but you may bank on the fact that the Sphinx won't grin at you.

DANA, COME UP HERE. If you continue to accumulate knowledge and do not get "rid" of any of it, of course, according to the laws of physics, your cocoanut will be unable to retain it—it will overflow. But don't give anybody the advantage of the overflow. No, indeed! Build a fence around it and secure it with this. (*Padlock.*)

At the last meeting of our class, during the freshman year, a motion was made, seconded and passed, to throw bouquets at the professors with whom we had been associated during that year. This was done for several reasons; the principal one, I think, was that there was a balance in the class treasury, and owing to the approaching summer vacation we thought it wise to remove temptation from the path of the class treasurer. At the close of our second

year temptation was again "removed from the path of the class treasurer," and pretty posies were again tossed at the professors.

With this preface, we will open our story. The hero is Charles WILHELM EISENHOWER, known to his friends as Honest Wilhelm I.

Eisenhower wandered into Jefferson at the beginning of our third year. He was not wise on the subject of flower presentations, and at the close of the year, when O'Neil made a motion to present the Chair of Pathology with a bunch of roses, Honest Wilhelm I. arose, and, after frantically waving his arms, shouted, "I am not in favor of bribing our way past Professor Coplin with a bunch of roses." O'Neil then took the floor and yelled: "Perhaps the gentleman opposing my motion would prefer sending a bunch of vegetables?" However, Dr. Coplin got the roses.

Wilhelm, so far as Jefferson is concerned, you are through with her. But the State Board is staring you in the face. Some of its members are from the country. Perhaps this, with the addition of a couple of fried eggs and a piece of Schweitzer cheese, may influence some member of the board in your behalf. (*Bouquet of lettuce, carrots and celery, or asparagus.*)

RAYMOND ANSON MOSER, OF CONSHOHOCKEN.

The Schuylkill Valley poet. The palmer abscess expert. To come face to face several times a day with an object such as you see before you is one of the many tribulations of a medical student.

The irritating effect of his presence is due to a number of causes. First, look at him. I can't. Second, he is a poet (?). Third, he comes from Conshohocken. To see him wandering around the smoking room was sufficient to cause a stampede for the door. To hear him recite his poetry was sufficient to call forth both pity and an axe. Here is a sample of his verse, what he calls "Hiawatha as it should have been written":

Hiawatha had a sweetheart, Minnehaha Tulpehocken;
She lived out at Conshohocken; she had large holes
in her stockin';
Hi and Minnie—they got married, and moved out to
Wissahickon;
When their friends dropped in for dinner, Minnie
filled them up with chicken.
What do you think of that?

The worst thing that ever happened has in it, at least, a streak of something that is good, even though it be ever so little. Mose's good side is his palmer side. As a palmer abscess expert he is a wiz. "How do you treat a palmer abscess?" said Dr. — to Moser. "Drain it," said Moser. "What else?" said Dr. —. "Drain it," said Moser. "Is that all you would do?"

said Dr. —. "Yes, sir; I would drain it," said Moser. (*Piece of terra cotta sewer pipe.*)

The man that gives up a lucrative veterinary practice to take up the study of diseases of higher forms of life is deserving of much credit. Imagine, in this twentieth century, the century of money making, the century in which the greed for wealth is uppermost in the mind of man—imagine a young veterinary surgeon, surrounded by success, honored and respected by every horse, cow, sheep and dog in his neighborhood, renouncing the gods of prosperity by quitting a practice of twenty-eight dollars per year and spending four long, worrisome years in a medical school—for the benefit of humanity. Is he not a martyr? Well, of that species of martyr we have two. We would like to see the horse and cow specialists:

RAYMOND BARBER AND JOHN FRANCIS HARRISON.

My two learned friends and classmates, considering your various accomplishments in the art of healing, and your right to practice on all sorts and conditions of living things, it is right that the public should know it. Your class asks the honor to present to you a shingle, setting forth your numerous titles and a classified list of the various forms of animal life on which you are privileged to inflict your services.

<p>RAYMOND BARBER, V.S., M.D.</p> <p><i>Specialist in any old thing:</i></p> <p><i>Pet dogs, parrots, hopfrogs, human beings and old maids.</i></p> <p><i>Horses and cows taken to pasture.</i></p> <p><i>White mice trained Thursdays, 3 to 5 p.m.</i></p> <p><i>Not more than four elephants allowed in the waiting room at one time.</i></p>	<p>JOHN FRANCIS HARRISON, V.S., M.D.</p> <p><i>Specialist in any old thing:</i></p> <p><i>Pet dogs, parrots, hopfrogs, human beings and old maids.</i></p> <p><i>Horses and cows taken to pasture.</i></p> <p><i>White mice trained Thursdays, 3 to 5 p.m.</i></p> <p><i>Not more than four elephants allowed in the waiting room at one time.</i></p>
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(Sign for each.)

To think that a member of the Class of 1903—our class, mind you—is destined to become one of Philadelphia's leading orthopedic surgeons. Although not generally acknowledged, there is a jealousy among doctors (great and small) that is equaled only in the theatrical profession, and it is, indeed, unusual for a

famous physician to eulogize a rival. During Dr. Lorenz's stay in America he did not as much as mention the name of HARRY HUDSON, Jr.

Dr. Lorenz is a big, strong man. It takes a big, strong man to reduce a congenital dislocation of the hip by the bloodless method. Hudson is a few sizes smaller than his Austrian rival—just a few. He may lack strength. O yes! If Dr. Lorenz bucked up against the modern four-year-medical-course, he wouldn't have strength enough left to reduce an everted eyelid. Yes, indeed, Hudson may lack strength, but he has courage to incinerate. Hold on to your courage, Harry. Here's some strength. Courage (pointing to Hudson). Strength (pointing to Force). Strength. Courage. See? (*Package of "Force."*)

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

That will be all of that!

Doubtless you all have heard of a man's working his way through college. Have you ever heard of a man sleeping his way through? We have with us a living example of this rare animal. If he is not in a comatose condition at this moment, I shall show him to you. Somebody give HERRING WINSHIP a poke in the short ribs and start him down here. Howdy, Herrin'? Please be seated. You won't have so far to drop in case you suddenly fall asleep. Herring Winship. By some called Fish. By others, the Sleepy Mackerel. Tom Stellwagen and Cohen slept fairly well during lectures, but compared to Winship they suffered from insomnia. What can we give to Herry? It's hardly worth while giving him a bed, a lounge or a hammock. O'Neil says he can sleep standing up. Here is a song, written by a popular composer, that gives a better account of Winship than would his biography. It is rumored about college that the author of the song got his inspiration from the object seated before you. Here are the words of the song:

I am twice as happy as a millionaire;
Ev'ry day I have such lovely dreams,
When I'm sleeping money never gives me a care;
Trouble never seems to trouble me.
I don't mind no summer heat or wintry storm;
When I turn in bed I feel the spring.
'Larm clocks act on me just like a dose of chloro-
form;
When folks tries to wake me up, I sings:

CHORUS.

Please go 'way and let me sleep;
Don't disturb my slumber deep.
I would rather sleep than eat;
For sleep to me is such a treat, treat, treat.
I never had a dream so nice—
Thought I was in Paradise.
Wakin' up makes me feel cheap;
So please let me sleep, sleep. (*Copy of Song.*)

RICHARD OLIVER MILLER.

Ward, Miller's room-mate, says that Miller becomes frantic when he hears a fire engine, and that if he rushes to a patient's house with the same speed that he rushes to a fire, he will be unable to question the patient for the want of breath. The finest meal ever served could not hold R. O. at the table if a fire engine bell was within hearing. (Bell rings.) Ollie shall have a fire engin'—'es, indeed, he shall. Oo. Oo. (*Toy fire engine.*)

HARRY CHINSWORTH SCOTT, THE FILIPINO.

At Prof. Montgomery's house, the same evening that Mervine gave his song and dance to the tune of his love for gynecology, Scotty was asked to enlighten the crowd on "What I Saw at Manila." He didn't require coaxing to begin, but required both coaxing and violence before he would stop. He talked, and talked, and talked. Several of the boys and two demonstrators gave him the hint to "cut it out." Finally, Dr. Montgomery threatened to flunk him if he didn't "break off" and give some one else a chance to loosen up. We'll "fix you up," Scotty, and give you a chance to finish your story. (*Spear, Filipino hat and straw shirt.*)

Santa Claus has given his last present. He has tried to give to each man a present that seemed most appropriate as a reminder of his college days at Jefferson.

That there is not one recipient whose feelings or dignity has been injured, I feel sure, for the happy-go-lucky, peace-disturbing tendencies of our class were sufficient to confer upon each member a lifelong immunity to the poisonous arrows of sarcasm and the irritating effects of "rough-house."

The dark clouds of jealousy have oft overhung us; the threatening thunder of personal grudge has roared; we have had our class squalls; we have cast our anchor of dissatisfaction into many a sea of trouble, and the sails of the rival political factions have been reefed for many a storm.

To-day the sun is rising in the east. The dark clouds of jealousy have cleared away; the threatening thunder of personal grudge is heard no more; the squalls are over; the anchor of dissatisfaction has been weighed; the once reefed sails of the rival political factions have been shaken out, and to-morrow, at sundown, from the port of 1903, we shall sail away in the balmy breezes of good-fellowship.

Class Pickings

Wanted

- ROBERTS—A good Hair Restorer.
- COHEN—A Pill to keep him awake during lectures.
- FILLING—A Medical Education by osmosis.
- SCHAFER—A yard stick to prove he was taller than Howell.
- LARKINS—A Letter from a girl.
- GIBSON—A new hat.
- STELLWAGEN—A man to go the bail.
- BARBER—A Bet on the election.
- BELL—An alarm clock.
- MEALS—To be a policeman.
- BAINES—The chair of neurology and diseases of the brain.
- BLANKEMEYER—A bag of hot roasted peanuts.
- DEAN—A front seat.
- SMITH, H. S.—A quiet room mate.
- SCHOOLMAN—A debate with Prof. Chapman.
- STANTON—An obstetric case.
- CALHOUN—A moustache.
- HEYSER—"Dr." to his name when addressed.
- KERR—Something to study.
- SAUER—A few weeks' vacation, to let the fellows catch up.
- PATTERSON—To change faith.
- WHITEHEAD—To suppress vivisection.
- SWAN—To introduce Christianity in the South Sea Islands.
- SCOTT—To make a speech.
- WHITE—To be presenter.
- IRELAND—An appreciative audience to listen to his experiences, crabbing up Shark River.
- ELMERE—Customers for my celebrated hair tonic.

For Sale



A Hot Air Generator—Stellwagen.

A Trephine for opening man-holes—Schoolman.

A pill that will cure tuberculosis in 24 hours—Heyser.

The best notes on any old thing—Kiefer, Bell & Co.

Some red-hot neck wear and hosiery—Foster.

A Differential Diagnosis between the merits of the U. of P. and those of Jefferson—Pilling.

A few obstetric cases (apply early)—Hixson.

Books on any topic, from old Mother Goose to the Descent of Man—Neptune, Whitehead & Neptune.

Platinum needles, cover glasses, and copies of "The War Cry"—Swan.

Little horses for "spring use"—Barber.

A couple tons of hard luck—Segal.

A manual on "How to Captivate the Ladies"—Eisenhower.

A few old cats (Beautiful Dissections)—O'Neil.

A full line of nursery toys—Sauer, Prothero & Co.

Quiz Class

DR. PRINCE: What is Coxalgia ?

PELTZ: Inflammation of the Coccyx.

DR. ROSENBERGER: What is Deglutition Pneumonia ?

O'NEIL: Pneumonia of the Pharynx.

DR. WELLS: Which is the cheaper antiseptic, Creolin or Lysol ?

FLEDERJOHAN: I think Creolin is.

DR. WELLS: What makes you think so ?

FLEDERJOHAN: Well, they use it at the Maternity.

PROF. HARE: What is the official name of Opium ?

REBER: Dope.

DR. SPENCER: What are the symptoms of cancer of the esophagus ?

SEWALL: Ribbon-like stools, and— (Pilling fell off his seat).

PROF. FORBES: What are the attachments of the Gastrocnemius muscle ?

MAJOR BELL: It runs from the stomach to the lungs.

DR. SPENCER: What is meant by Thyroidectomy ?

CUNNINGHAM (Thoughtfully): Why, it's amputation of the thigh.

DR. KALTEYER: What happens to a hydrothorax in winter ?

COL. HOWELL: I guess it is converted into an ice-chest.

DR. WELLS: Mr. Scott, define the three stages of labor.

SCOTTY: First, Second and Third.

DR. BARNES: How would you stop post partum hemorrhage ?

HAY: You could tie the post partum artery.

PROF. HARE: When would you not send a tubercular patient to Colorado ?

FLATLEY: When he paid my bills promptly.

PROF. HARE: Name some of the official preparations of alcohol.

HOUSTON: Hunter, Wilson, Mt. Vernon, Trimble and Hennesey's Three Star Rye.

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N. W. NEPTUNE	MAX. GREEN
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JULIUS SEGAL	

Irish Club

MOTTO — *Ireland will be Ireland when the Bowery is on the bum.*

Officers

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J. W. McKEMY	Grand Spellbinder.
JOHN DANIEL O'BRIEN	Gin the King.
J. A. McCracken	For Auld Erin.

Requirements for Admission

You must swear by St. Patrick, wear green on the 17th of March, smoke a clay pipe, and hate the Dutch. Persons with names similar to Hoganstein need not apply.

Members

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Beau Brummel Club

MOTTO — *Do not wear boiled shirts.*



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J. E. HEYSER	Head Narrator of Impossibilities.
J. B. HOUSTON	Exalted Chicken Raiser.
G. W. HIXSON	Notorious Horse Trader.

Requirements for Admission

Must cook your own meals, drink Schuylkill water, change collars once a week, and have your trousers pressed bi-annually.

Members

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Sewing Circle

MOTTO — *Charity begins at home.*

Officers

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IRA B. WHITEHEAD	Martyr to the Cause.
N. W. NEPTUNE	Custodian of Cash Box.
H. N. PROTHERO	Worshipful Seamstress.

Requirements for Admission

Must wear a "C. E." Button in a conspicuous place. Must not talk to any one, nor stay out later than 9 p.m. Must be present at the annual Salvation Army Dinner.

Members

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L. CHAMBERLAIN,	W. F. MYLIN,
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Limburger Association

MOTTO — *Sub hoc your shoes for Boozum.*



Officers

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H. E. MORRET	Worthy Lover of Sauer Kraut.
HERR VON SAUER	Leader of der Scherman Band.
O. F. KUNKLE	Grand Raus Mitum.

Requirements for Admission

Must down the Irish, swear by the "Kaiser," drink beer, and eat Bologna and Sauer Kraut.

Members

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C. WILHELM EISENHOWER,	A. G. KRIEBEL,
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H. A. SCHAFFER.	



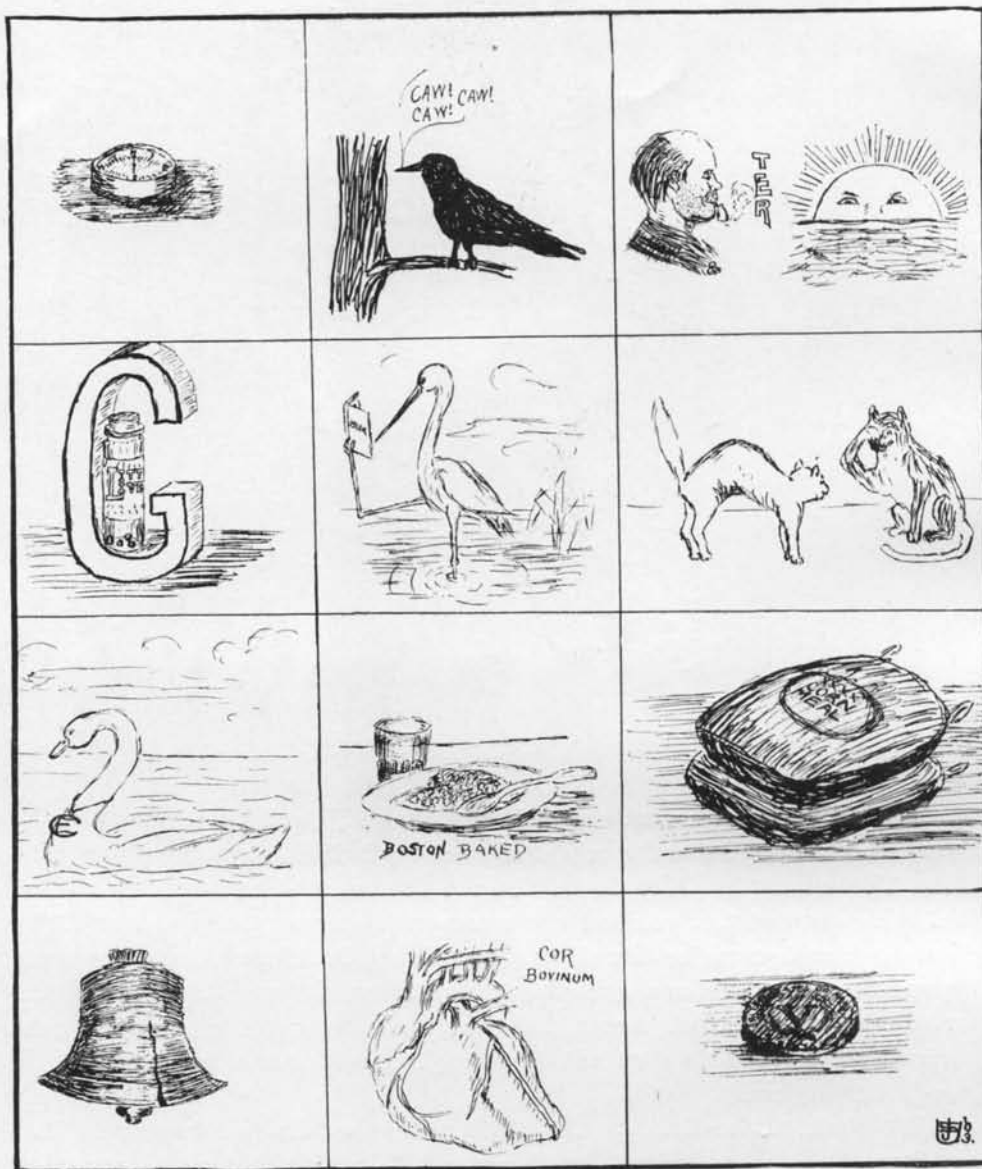
The above photograph was taken by one of our representatives, who happened to be present when this wonderful operation was performed. It is impossible for us to enter into a detailed description here of this most marvelous piece of modern surgery, owing to lack of space; but we will try briefly to acquaint our readers with the nature of this masterly piece of work, which has almost revolutionized surgery of the twentieth century. The figure in the erect posture is Thomas Cook Stellwagen, Jr., D.D.S., M.D., S.G.G., O.N.T., C.O.D. The instrument he is grasping with his two hands is the ingenious piece of mechanism which his prolific mind has created, and about which so much has been written in all the local dime novels. It is called a trephine, and is used for chopping down trees, opening skulls, etc. The figure in the recumbent posture is a person who suffered for twenty years from a tumor in the silent region of Garritson. Prof. Stellwagen opened his skull in two hours, fifty-nine minutes and thirty-seven seconds, and the man was instantaneously cured.

For further information see tombstone No. 73, Potter's Field. The gentlemen in the background are Messrs. Clagget, Shaffer, McCormic, Smith, etc., representatives of the various iron and steel industries in these United States.



The above is an accurate sketch of Colonel Howell examining a man's throat who had applied at the out-patient nose and throat department for treatment. You might ask, Why do we find the doctor standing on a step-ladder? Well! He adopted that position not because the man was too tall, nor did he climb up there because he himself was too tall, but Dr. Howell is suffering from hypoplasia or agenesis, and since the demonstrator of the clinic asked the doctor to examine the man's throat, and since a chair would not half answer the purpose, some kind friend rushed down to the engine room and procured the step-ladder for him.

We would advise Dr. Howell that there is a firm in Philadelphia on Market Street who manufacture step-ladders which can be folded on themselves and stuck in one's vest pocket like a thermometer, and that if he should get one of these he will be spared the embarrassment of looking for a high stool or table when it becomes necessary for him to make a laryngoscopic examination during his hospital career.



The above represents twelve familiar characters in our class. Any person or persons who send in the correct solution of this puzzle by the 33d of September, will receive a handsome baby-coach with rubber tires, and guaranteed to accommodate two.

All replies must be written on one side of the paper, and in the English language, as our foreign correspondent is at present suffering from mumps. Write correct name and address on back of every sheet to avoid mistakes, and address all communications to

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WE turn back the pages ere life's course is run,
When we are grown sages and fair fames have won,
And find that the pleasures of days that are past,
The songs that are treasures, the friendships that last,
Have source that is greater than we may have guessed—
Our old Alma Mater, of all loves the best!

OUR thoughts can but wander, and seen through life's haze,
Our love has grown fonder of old college days:
The work is no harder than work ought to be,
The boarding-house larder no more makes us flee,
And things that have later in life found a part—
Our old Alma Mater! Ah, there is the heart!

THE hospital building, where once we all sat,
No more is sans gilding and small and all that;
The clinics are never a scene of men's backs,
For time enchants ever, when back o'er its tracks
Our paths are made straighter, success fuller won—
Our old Alma Mater, all this she has done!

WHAT is it we love there, for statelier walls
Have risen above where our faint footstep falls!
Our love is not founded on brick or on stone,
But is all unbounded for men who are known
From pole to equator—those sons who have blest
Our old Alma Mater, and made her the best.

THEN sing her praise loudly, that mother whose breast
Once nurtured us proudly, who bears on her crest
The emblem of honor that o'er the wide world
Her sons have gone from her and proudly unfurled—
Not one is a traitor, all hail her proud name!
Our old Alma Mater, her glory and fame!



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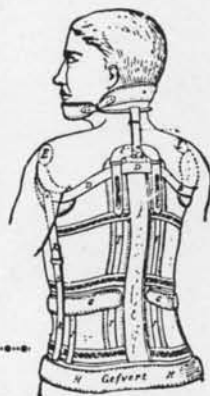
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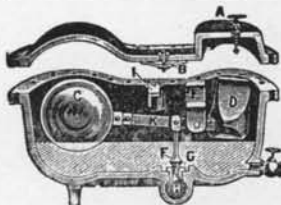
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